

# The TATLER

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London, November 5, 1930

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# The TATLER

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**BITTER . . . to lose PEGGY**  
**SWEET . . . to regain EVELYN**

Miss Evelyn Laye being greeted on her arrival at Waterloo by Miss Peggy Wood and Mr. C. B. Cochran. The return of Miss Laye from the States to take up the part created by Miss Peggy Wood in Noel Coward's triumphant success has its sad as well as its glad side. While welcoming with rapture the second "Lady Shayne" straight from the plaudits of New York, London will gratefully remember the brilliant rendering of her predecessor, who, after playing this exacting rôle for fifteen months, has been ordered a rest. Au revoir and many, many thanks to Peggy. Pass friend Evelyn; all's well. Another picture of Miss Laye appears on a later page



ARMED TO THE TEE

Balmain

Miss Sheila Grahame and Lord Pollington proceeding on a round of golf at North Berwick. Lord Mexborough's heir was married in July to Miss Grahame's cousin, Miss Josephine Fletcher of Saltoun



Lafayette

MRS. BARTON AND HER SONS

Photographed at her home, Straffan House, in Co. Kildare. The names of the two sturdy young gentlemen are Christopher and Anthony. Mrs. Barton, formerly Miss Joan Lecky, is a daughter of Major-General R. St. C. Lecky. Her husband used to be in the 17th/21st Lancers, and is now actively concerned with the farming of his estate

## GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

WELL, my dear, the opening of Parliament provides the fitting start to this week's scribings, but do not imagine me as an eye-witness to its majestic pageantry. I have not suddenly become a member either of the peerage or the House of Commons; though I must admit I gave a passing thought to following the prevailing fashion of standing for South Paddington. No, my account is perforce second-hand, but it is well worth passing on.

A more superb spectacle than ever with its venerable setting; its panoply of colour, flowing robes, orders, jewels, and lovely ladies, its ceremonious observance of centuries-old customs; all leading up to the great moment when, heralded by a sudden blaze of lights, the King and Queen arrive.

Her Majesty in her gold dress with its immense crimson train looked quite magnificent, the perfect Queen indeed. Once again everyone was struck by the King's wonderful speaking voice and his power of associating himself personally with every phrase of the Speech which he seemed to improvise rather than read.



AT NEWMARKET

Lord Ellesmere's daughter, Lady Jane Egerton, and Miss Hermione Bullough were pleasant features of the Houghton meeting's opening day. Miss Bullough is the only daughter of Sir George Bullough, Senior Steward of the Jockey Club until this summer

The Duke of Norfolk showed no sign of nervousness in his rôle of Earl Marshal. This hereditary office, which he was fulfilling for the first time on attaining his majority, carries with it far more work than is generally realized.

Of the peeresses present, Lady Londonderry, in black, with an all-round tiara, diamond and pearl ear-rings and necklace, and a huge diamond motif on her dress, was a regally beautiful picture. Lovely Lady Howe refused to be parted from her chin-chilla cloak, though the deep powder blue velvet frock underneath it deserved more publicity.

Lady Stafford looked admirable in grey and the famous Fitzherbert pearls, and so did Lady Berwick, who wore white. Another noticeable figure was Lady Lytton, not only from the decorative point of view but because she was a long way the last to arrive. As a foil to all this grandeur, Lady Cynthia Mosley had attired herself in a little black frock, which can only be described as a little black frock.

Lady Londonderry's reception, held the previous evening, is one of the last surviving examples of entertaining on a grand scale. Londonderry House is about the only



private residence left which could absorb the whole Conservative Party at one gulp. An apparently endless stream flowed up the big staircase, moving on along the picture gallery in the well-drilled manner associated chiefly with escalators. Of the enormous number present it is barely possible even to start mentioning individuals. Those with fair hair seemed most arresting to the eye, and in a sort of dream the golden-crowned Princess von Bismarck crossed my vision; then Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay's curly head was succeeded by the sight of Miss Vida Erskine's, who has, in addition, a most beautiful singing voice.

Mrs. Cochrane-Baillie, just returned from Paris, is a perfect setting for the latest fashion in jewels; there, turquoises, which have been in the background for some years, have suddenly sprung into prominence in the newest hat clips and other accessories. Lady Flavia Giffard's green dress and Titian hair went well together, and others with less striking colouring but equally agreeable appearance were Miss Diane Chamberlain, Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton, Lady Davina Lytton, and Lady Jean Dalrymple.

Horse handiness cannot be ignored owing to the harass of Hunter Trials—a new noun of assemblage, by your leave—which materialized in such vast numbers just before hunting's official opening. Presupposing that you have already read or heard accounts of those in the more fashionable countries I am going to concentrate on a description of the Eastern Harriers' fixture just to show you what Suffolk can do. One hundred and thirty-five entries struck me as a praiseworthy effort for a first attempt. Quality was there as well, and several good horses found gratified new owners.

No fault could fail to catch a judge's eye, for every obstacle to be negotiated had its attendant adjudicator. Among these were Dr. Franey and Colonel Mangles, who are respectively in control of the two Essex and Suffolk packs; Mr. Tom Thackeray, the amateur huntsman of the Norwich Stagbounds; Colonel Cockburn, and Admiral Beamish, the Member for Lewes. General Hugh Cholmondeley, who so thoroughly deserves the nice things which are invariably said about him, had come down from Shropshire on purpose to give marks for manners, pace, style, and conformation, his colleague in this tricky task being Mr. Horace Smith.

Everyone was regretting the absence of Colonel Hambro and its unfortunate reason, a bad fall sustained the week before when his horse rolled on him.

As regards the contestants, two- and four-legged, Mr. K. W. Hervey's Black Bog, owner up, did a superlative round in heavy-weight company, and was rewarded with the Champion Cup



THE HON. NANCY FREEMAN-MITFORD, MISS NANCY BEATON, AND LORD JERSEY

At Middleton Stoney, near Bicester, where the Oxford University Drag contributed to the recent spate of Hunter Trials. Lord Jersey, who has been at The House some two years, comes of age in February. Miss Freeman-Mitford is the eldest of Lord and Lady Redesdale's family of seven

presented by Mrs. Harry Fison. Mrs. Hervey who, you will remember, was Miss Hope Barclay until this summer, was riding in the inter-hunt match as well as in the ladies class, of which the winner was Miss Gooch from the Grafton country, on Sir Thomas Gooch's Ticknock. This latter event saw Miss Pam Schreiber come to grief, her gallant effort to stay the course with only one pedal proving unavailing. Miss Bullard had the mount on her father's horses and got top score in the light-weight class with Master Rowland. She also was concerned with what looked like a nasty fall when her horse tried to tie a knot in the ropes, but no material damage resulted and she had another dart soon afterwards.

It is quite out of order to have left Mr. Bill Brunskill to the last, he being Master of the Eastern Harriers and stage manager of the Trials. His wife did her share of the heavy work entailed, and I congratulate them both on the production of such a good day's fun.

In these days of gangsters and racketeers, of whose doings we are made so wise by the cinema and the daily Press, poor Guy Fawkes has paled into insignificance, and November 5 is now merely an occasion for small urchins to enjoy making nuisances of themselves. Apart from hunting, the activities of this month seem to be chiefly connected with collecting money, but for better causes. Of the Jewels of Empire Ball, which promises excellently, I have told you already. And the Ex-Services Ball is almost too late to mention, for it happens to-morrow night at the Hyde Park Hotel. However, Douglas Byng, who is at the top of his form just now, will attract a big crowd when he comes on with the Hawaiian Band from the Café Anglais.

Sophie Tucker is a possible starter both at this ball and at the one for the Infants' Hospital which is fixed for the 20th at Covent Garden. One might almost say probable, but she dare not make too many promises as of course everyone wants to

(Continued on p. 242)  
e 2



ALSO AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAG HUNTER TRIALS

The Hon Anthony Winn, Lord St Oswald's youngest brother, Mr. Rowan, Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine and her brother the Hon James (Hamish) St. Clair-Erskine, who is at New College, and Mr. A. Rowan. Lord Rosslyn's youngest daughter, featured in the ladies' race, is wearing one of the brightly-coloured stocks which decorated so many Leicestershire necks during the cubbing season

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

pin her down, and she has so many demands on her time. They are trying to collect £10,000 for the hospital, and as nearly half the sum was roped in a month ago they ought to get it, considering that Mrs. Leslie Gamage is chief collector, and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Melchett, and Mrs. Solly Joel are supporting the ball. Really lovely prizes for lucky number holders have made the tickets sell wonderfully, for though it isn't quite something for nothing it is at least a good gamble.

Just like the gamble on the tote double which everyone was jostling for at Newbury the other day. What a perfectly arranged course this is and what an unlucky one with its almost inevitable rain. On the Saturday everyone was wrapped in thick coats and mackintoshes and looking both cold and wet. A Newbury meeting is different from the others, for, halfway between east and west as it is, one does find whole numbers of faces that one has not seen on every other course. There, for instance, I saw Clare, Lady Cowley looking very smart and most attractive. She had driven over from Seagry, her place near Chippenham, where she lives with her two daughters, Lady Diana and Lady Cecilia Wellesley, who are half-sisters of the present Lord Cowley, and will be debutantes some seasons later on.

Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Bengough I also met at Newbury. They have just settled into the delightful house they bought at Sonning in the spring, and have for the moment eschewed the lure of London for a quiet country life with their two small children. A good-looking trio of girls walking together in the paddock turned out to be Miss Jean Boscawen, all in blue to match her eyes, Miss Pamela Martin-Smith, and Lady Joan Villiers, who goes out to South Africa with her parents in January. Another decorative figure dressed in myrtle-green was Mrs. Hubert Loder, whose height, like Mrs. Bobbie Jenkinson's, gives her a decided advantage at a crowded race-meeting. Others to be seen were Lady Bridget King-Tenison, Lady Robert Manners and her daughter, and Major Metcalfe with his step-mother-in-law.

There were numbers of nice-looking girls from the west country which does not get very much in the way of flat-racing. Fox-chasing and jump meetings are the main things down that way, where the Duke of Beaufort hunts six days a week and only takes a day off for his own point-to-point. The Duke never spares himself, and the strain of hunting hounds day after day as well as attending to all the ramifications of work which being Master entails is tremendous. It is to be hoped that he will now be persuaded to take things rather more easily.

I may be anticipating the official engagement list by telling you that the names of Sir Hugh Cholmeley and Miss Cecilia Ellis will feature there. This will cause



A RACING HONEYMOON

Mr. J. B. Balding being congratulated by his American bride after winning three races at Far Hills, New Jersey, where the Essex Hunt (American version) held a meeting. Mr. Balding, who was married the day before to the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Davis of New York, is a brother of Mr. Gerald Balding, the polo international. He and his wife will live in England

Howard Barrett  
EDWARD GREENALL II

The two-year-old son of the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Greenall sets off to discover what all this hunting business is about. He is a grandson of Lord and Lady Daresbury and General Sir Joseph and Lady Laycock

considerable interest in Lincolnshire, where Sir Hugh has a good deal of property. Though destined to be abroad for some time if he stays with his battalion of the Grenadier Guards, at present stationed in Egypt, his native county will be delighted to welcome him and his attractive red-haired bride to Easton whenever he takes up his residence there.

Another alliance of interest will be that of Commander P. K. Wise, the well-known polo player, and Miss Esmée Fletcher; she is the daughter of Sir Lionel Fletcher who, among other claims to fame, is a wonderful rifle shot, having made many bull's-eyes at Bisley.

There is always a certain sensation of gloom at the last Newmarket fixture of the year, for it will be April before we all meet here again. But it was a mild feeling last Wednesday compared to the one most of us experienced after the Cambridgeshire had been won and lost. There was a silence and a general blankness of expression, and the only encouraging feature I could see was Major Dudley Gilroy's face. He has a habit of looking cheerful and continued to do so even after the failure of Mr. Macomber's pair, though the Tea Party brought some consolation later on. There were numbers of French voices to be heard, but the much expected French coup failed to materialize. Being such a strong supporter of the pen (as you know to your cost, poor Griselda) the very pointed tip it provided should have been obvious even to my mean intelligence. But the fact that I was also a persistent recorder was my undoing. However, of the race itself let us think no more.

There was a huge crowd, and as the weather was bright and fairly warm, most of the women looked their best. There were more of them dressed in black than I have ever seen before. Among them Mrs. Wilfred Egerton, Miss Sylvia Portman, Lady Joan Birkbeck, and Lady Ancaster. Perhaps Lady Numburnholme was the most lovely in a light beige frock and a short fur coat. Mrs. Jim Hennessy, too, had one of these coats, but so abbreviated that it had almost a bolero effect. Mrs. Tom Mills and Lady Buchanan-Jardine, on the other hand, had long ones reaching almost to their ankles.

Lady Belper, who was with Mrs. Charles Hambro, looked as pretty as she always does, and I always admire Mrs. Ralph Thomas, who reminds me of Greta Garbo. She has a most charming house at Bury, and other representatives of East Anglia included Mrs. Daniel Gurney, Mrs. Frank Crossley, and Mrs. Rich, who had a runner in the big race. Among the young male contingent I noticed Lord Brougham and Mr. Terry Weldon. They were at Cannes together not long ago, since when Lord Brougham has been undergoing coming-of-age celebrations in Cumberland.—Love, EVE.



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ



MISS GRACIE FIELDS

Miss Gracie Fields has made a welcome return to these shores after her capture of the American audiences, and is now appearing at the Palladium. Though this great artiste said that she was full of apprehension as to whether her particular form of humour would get over with such highly critical audiences in America, there was never any doubt that she would take them by storm, which she did. Miss Nora Swinburne is at present interpreting one of the leading parts in Mr. Frank Vosper's amusing play at the Comedy Theatre. Mr. Frank Lawton is also in the strong cast. Miss Betty Huntley-Wright is the daughter of that famous comedian, Mr. Huntley-Wright, and is at present playing in that great success, "Bitter Sweet." Although only eighteen she has already shown great promise

MISS  
BETTY  
HUNTLEY-  
WRIGHT

MISS NORA SWINBURNE

Mabel Robey

# The Cinema :

I Enjoy Myself  
By JAMES AGATE

ONE of my colleagues makes the astonishing complaint that "four years' work, a bill for £800,000, and the loss of five human lives, have not made *Hell's Angels*, now presented at the London Pavilion, the great film such a cost should have produced." My colleague goes on to admit that the flying episodes could not stagger the mind more utterly than they do. From this admission we are therefore entitled to assume that his complaint refers solely to what one might call the personal plot of this film. Indeed he says categorically: "One never acquires any real interest in the affairs of the two young Americans who join the R.F.C. at the outbreak of war and finally die on active service." But who, in the name of all the angels in hell and out of it expects a psychological drama for £800,000? Ibsen, the greatest psychological dramatist who ever lived, never wrote a play which could not be staged and filmed for fourpence. No sane person would expect to procure and destroy a Zeppelin for that sum, and no wise person will expect anybody who has laid out the best part of a million to bother about the trumpery human emotions. I should like to assure my colleague that when you are 6,000 ft. in the air

equivalent to spying which is as dramatic and as moving as anything I remember in the cinema for a very long time. As for the air-fighting and all that the eight hundred thousand pounds were expended to accomplish I have only to say that nothing more thrilling or more dramatic has ever entered the imagination of the man behind the camera. I have only one complaint to make, which is that Mr. James Whale, who is alleged to have staged the dialogue—whatever that may mean—cabled me an invitation for the evening before the show opened, whereby I perceive a leak in my wholesale belief in the efficiency of America. A glance at the programme tells me that there is a musical arrangement to this film by Herr Hugo Riesenfeld. I can only say that my interest in the picture was so concentrated that I was not conscious throughout the whole evening of hearing any musical sounds, canned or otherwise. Apart from the dialogue and the almost incessant noise of engines and gun-fire I was conscious of no sound at all except the wholly incessant babble of three Bright Young Things in the row behind, who ruined everybody's pleasure and at the same time proved up to the hilt that the manners of the Bright are of a vulgarity undreamed of by the Dull.

I also saw this week the picture entitled *The Sea Wolf* at the Capitol. This is a magnificent adaptation of Jack London's story, and I was enthralled by almost every moment of it. The exception was when the hero and heroine, adrift in an open boat in the Pacific, sail-less and oarless, and having exhausted their food and water, laid stainless cheek to stainless cheek and confessed that they hungered and thirsted for one another. This again aroused peals of laughter, and I foresee the time when even the American film magnate will realize that there are occasions when genteel and drawing-room passion is out of place. Milton Sills acted magnificently throughout, and even made the death-scene moving. I say quite sincerely that these are two admirable films exploiting perfectly what the screen can do perfectly and what the theatre cannot begin to do at all.

I resent very much any admixture of the two media. The theatre has already learned its lesson, whereas the cinema is still very far away from taking its medicine. Both films noticed above are to me as wildly exciting as, to me, films like *Holiday* are swooningly boring. The theatre can do *Holiday* better than any film. It cannot begin to do *Hell's Angels* at all. Let us be perfectly clear about this. There is not in *Hell's Angels* one-tenth of the æsthetic emotion of *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde* or *The Silver Tassie*. On the other hand, there is not in either of these great plays anything at all of the peculiar quality of excitement that there is to be found in *Hell's Angels*. I have advised everybody in and out of season to go to great dramas, and I urge them to see these two fine films. But I also warn them that the one art has got nothing whatever to do with the other. Obviously, good films will lessen the market for poor plays. This is as it ought to be. Equally obviously, good plays will lessen the market for poor films. This also is as it ought to be. If it isn't so, then either culture is going to pot or civilization is a wash-out. And in either case what happens to both theatre and film will have ceased to matter.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. 14



MR. BEN LYON AND MISS JEAN HARLOW

In a scene from Howard Hughes' screen air epic, "*Hell's Angels*," which had its first London presentation at the London Pavilion last week. Mr. Hughes has succeeded in producing a memorable and exciting spectacle, which bears every evidence of being not a studio fake but a record of genuine flying

in conflict with a hostile aeroplane, an earthquake, or a ten-ton lorry on the Kingston by-pass, his private affairs simply cease to exist. And I suggest that, watching what I feel I ought to call this epic drama of the skies, one should have no concern at all with the mundane affairs of the participants. I feel that if Othello had been an aeroplane pilot and Iago his observer, both would have completely forgotten, while they were in the air, the existence of the ninny Desdemona and the noodle Cassio. I feel equally strongly that watching them conduct their perilous adventures and contemplating the mess any fleet of hostile aeroplanes will make of them, we have precious little concern with the mess they are making of their affairs on the earth below. In my view *Hell's Angels* would be just as good a film if it had no story at all, if the Allied airmen were ticketed A, B, C, and the German aces were labelled X, Y, Z.

But I have a further quarrel with my colleague, which is that I do not agree that the film on what you might call the ground-level is nearly as stupid as he suggests. I agree, of course, that the love-story is of an inconceivable banality, and it was a refreshing sign of the times that on the second night, as on the first, the glutinous vamp was received by the audience at the London Pavilion with shrieks of laughter. But there is a scene about two brothers captured by the Germans under conditions



## Concerning the



MR. NEUMANN AND THE HON. JEAN LOCH



LADY ROSEBERY AND LORD CREWE

## Cambridgeshire



LADY ISLINGTON AND MR. H. MILNER

THE HON. MRS. WILFRED EGERTON  
WALKING WITH MRS. BULTEELLADY CATHERINE WILLOUGHBY,  
LORD ANCASTER'S DAUGHTERLADY ZETLAND AND HER ELDEST  
DAUGHTER, LADY VIOLA DUNDAS

The impression left by Cambridgeshire day was that everything was on a vast scale. One of the largest crowds ever seen congregated on the course, there were over thirty runners in the big race, and the winner brought its backers the munificent odds of fifty to one. If there is a certain pensiveness about the occupants of this page it is presumably because they did not realize the mightiness of Mrs. Hartigan's filly. Two people, however, who were obviously in the best of spirits, were Mr. Guy Neumann and Miss Jean Loch, whose engagement was announced a fortnight ago. Miss Loch's father, Major-General Lord Loch, is Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard and was on duty at last week's opening of Parliament. Lord Crewe was also concerned with this impressive ceremony and bore the Sword of State. Of the other personalities seen here Lady Islington does not patronize racing to any great extent, but Lady Rosebery, whose husband will be Lord Zetland's successor as Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, is one of its most constant supporters. Lord Ellesmere's sister-in-law was one of the big clan of Egertons present, and Lady Zetland, who is now again in residence at Aske in Yorkshire, had her eldest daughter with her. Lady Catherine Willoughby took a light-hearted view of the day's happenings and consequently enjoyed herself



THE EARL OF ANTRIM AND  
LADY ROSE McDONNELL

Two of the many people looking on at the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunter Trials, an excellent entertainment staged at South Nutfield. Lady Rose is Lord and Lady Antrim's elder daughter and came of age this year

Glen Urquhart tweed design, while in very old horses the joints are indistinguishable from the rest of the leg. There is no more popular figure in the jumping world both with bookmakers and racegoers than Captain Sassoon, the latter because they admire a brave and sporting man, and the former because his presence in a race denotes a blowed-in-the-glass trier besides the favourite, a position he seldom occupies. On this, the opening day, he came from the clouds to beat Centaur, a George Duller hot-pot, by the narrowest of margins amid the plaudits of all, but just as Tommy Weston cannot win a race without losing his cap so "The Captain's" victories are always accompanied by severe jacket trouble which it would seem some simple hook-and-eye expedient could obviate. Newbury was hardly an interesting meeting, nothing coming to befriend the handicapper in the Cup, which was won by Le Voleur as easily as his weight suggested.

The final meeting at Newmarket opened with a blow to established precedent, as in the Rutland Handicap Sir Walter Gilbey's Burnside was beaten a short head after having won this race, or so it seems to me, ever since I can remember. It was a great battle and had not the old fellow faltered one stride he might just have won. The race was won by Frank Butters who has done so brilliantly for Lord Derby and he scored again in the last race with Salmon Leap for Mrs. Arthur James, beating the odds on favourite Artist's Proof. This horse, while a beautiful individual, is inclined to be rather "shelly," and probably has an indifferent constitution, as when he looked to have his race won he couldn't keep up the gallop.

Everyone takes his winnings in a different way and it is said to be

# RACING RAGOUT

By "Guardrail"

The jumping season proper started at Sandown on Thursday in perfect weather, and a lot of old equine friends were on view hardly changed with the exception of a new pattern on the legs. The ages of jumpers are easier to tell than of their confreres on the flat. Three- and four-year-olds have clean legs, five are fired diagonally once, six are cross-fired, and aged horses have a sort of

as hard to be an inoffensive winner as a good loser. Some repair to the bar to celebrate, others stand where their friends and acquaintances can slap them on the back, but Miss Adamson struck out an entirely new line on the victory of her horse Major in the Fordham Welter handicap by taking a running osculation at Mr. L. L. Firth who starts so capably at Aintree and other northern meetings. It was universally felt that a mistake had been made and that Captain Allison who was still cantering up the course had been defrauded, but should Major run at Liverpool we feel that there will not appear after his name in the Brown Book that little "s" which indicates "started slowly."

The race for the Cambridgeshire was a beautiful sight; indeed it is always one of the finest races of the year to watch. The Recorder stood out alone on looks, and clearly visible with his white legs and outstanding colours, he seemed to have a clear run and every chance. As I remarked before, he is unable to pull out anything extra, his efforts merely resulting in labouring without acceleration. From the top of Bushes Hill the race was obviously at the mercy of The Pen, who was always going easily on an even keel, though Racedale was said to have met with serious interference, which cost him the race. Barring these three there was never anything else in the race with a chance.

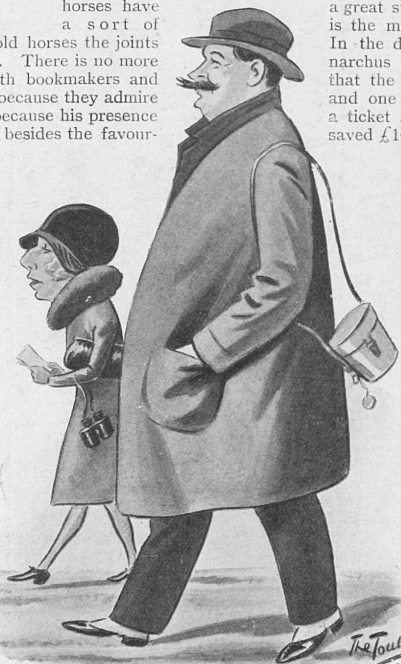
The money the ring would have lost in singles and doubles had The Recorder won is almost incalculable, but as it is there will be many a little home where a quiverful of embryo pencilers will get a double ration of Kosher over the week-end. Our best congratulation to "Marty" Hartigan on his win, and the fervent hope that The Pen proved not only mightier but more lucrative than the sword he, unlike so many others, carried throughout the War.

The Tote double on the two handicaps was a great success, and probably their daily double is the most popular thing they have ever done. In the daily double on the Wednesday Lennarchus stood out so clearly as the second leg that the odds were not so large as expected, and one financier who bought a half share in a ticket after the Cambridgeshire for £50, and saved £10 on Truclent, discovered that his net

winnings were £2 10s. for £60 invested, a rate of odds that would shame an insurance company. Mr. Macomber did a universal good turn in the last race with Tea Party, a real good thing with nothing to beat, brought over to pay expenses.

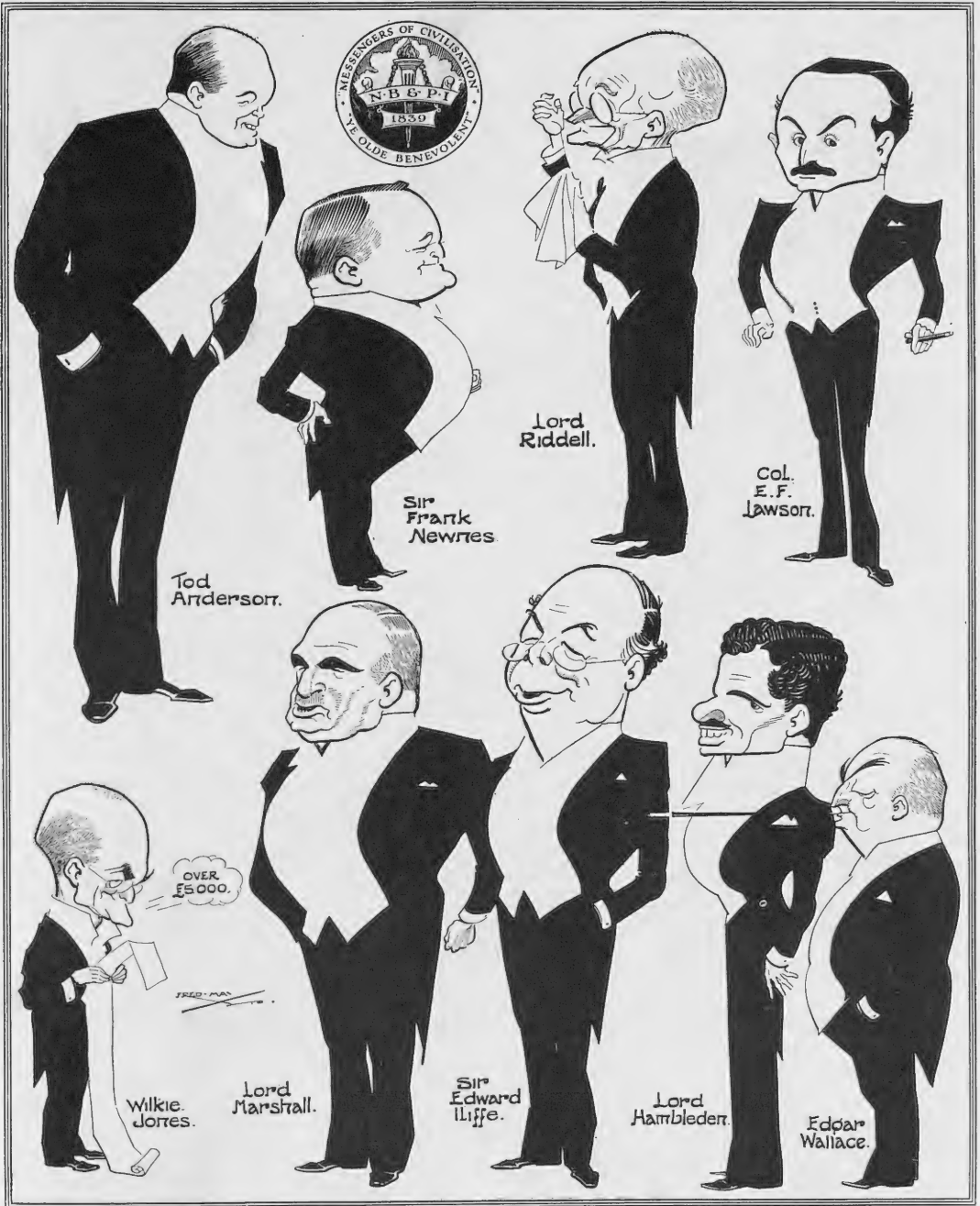
The weather was kinder than is usual at the back-end meetings, a mild softness taking the place of the biting east wind, which reduces the dizzy blonde, designed for evening wear, to a mauve mass of misery. Despite this the attendance was not nearly so large as for the Cesarewitch. The new winter tweeds were much *en evidence*, as were, I regret to say, fox furs, not silver but real Charles James, and worn too by hunting women. The only outstanding male enormity came from the cotton district whose beige and blue check suiting designed from an aerial photograph would have made Mr. Victor Emanuel's nighttrugs look like ten cents.

The Cambridgeshire meeting finishes the season for most of us. The old red coat, the sun on one's back, or the East African jungle are luring us away from the track, and with Freddy Fox well ahead of his rival, we wish the veteran horseman the best of luck and *au revoir* till Lincoln.



MISS WILMOT AND MR. HARCOURT JOHNSTONE  
Miss Norah Wilmot, Sir Robert Wilmot's second daughter, is her father's right-hand man at Bracknell, where she helps him to train a fairly large string. Mr. Johnstone is one of the stable patrons and a familiar figure at Newbury and other meetings. Two years ago he had the good fortune to draw a placed horse in the Calcutta Sweep





AT THE NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION FESTIVAL

By Fred May

Held at Grosvenor House recently. This ninety-first year's festival dinner, with Mr. Edgar Wallace presiding, was a distinct success, and by the help of the chairman £5,200 was subscribed towards this year's funds on behalf of this old and very deserving charity. In his speech Mr. Edgar Wallace said that newspaper selling is the most precarious living, next perhaps to that of the poet or the writer of detective stories. There was a very big gathering of distinguished guests, some of whom are caricatured by our artist. Mr. Tod Anderson is one of the directors of the Amalgamated Press. Mr. Wilkie Jones is the most energetic secretary, a position he took over from his father



MR. AND MRS. PHILIP GUEDALLA AND  
MRS. JOHN DRINKWATER

Mr. Guedalla's polished pen has a satirical point, and he writes with equal brilliance on historical matters and modern industrial and political problems. Amongst his recent publications are "Bonnet and Shawl" and "Gladstone and Palmerston." He was President of the Oxford Union when he was at Balliol, subsequently practising as a barrister of the Inner Temple. Mrs. John Drinkwater, the wife of the poet playwright, is in public life Miss Daisy Kennedy, the violinist

disappointing result. Not his *magnum opus*, perhaps, but certainly his *magnum omnibus*. There is very little plot running through its 630 pages, and when it would seem as if at last some sort of a real story were about to get going, lo and behold, it fizzles out like one small idea thrown into an ocean of words. Round about p. 400 you realize that there isn't going to be any proper story at all, only just a minute and detailed account of what goes on behind the scenes among the proprietors, managers, under-managers, waiters, housemaids, *chefs*, cashiers, and general what-nots in any one of those mammoth and expensive hotels which make you feel that if this be the last word in luxury, the erratum is "broke." The central figure is one Evelyn Orcham, king among hotel directors, and, in character, what in the old writing days of Mr. Bennett would have been termed a "card." It looks as if something were going to happen when after taking Miss Gracie Savott, the lovely daughter of rich Sir Henry Savott, to Smithfield at 4 a.m. she returns with a blood-stain on the sleeve of her coat which, as a matter of fact, she was not wearing when she was going round with Orcham among the mutton and the beef. But it means nothing after all, because the blood was the blood of Miss Savott's maid who had cut her wrist, and Miss Savott had bound it up. Suspicion is again aroused when one night Orcham goes out dressed in the hat and coat of the night-reception clerk. But the hat and coat came back, and so did Orcham, and nothing untoward had happened to any of them. Something, however, does happen when Sir Henry Savott tries to buy, not only the Imperial Palace but Orcham's services thrown in with the purchase. Sir Henry is a financier in a very big way, and this may mean anything from the manager of the Bank of England to Hatry. In this case, it means nothing either dependable or suspect. The deal goes through smoothly, and Orcham goes a tour of inspection around the other Imperial Palace hotels of Europe. Only one dreadful moment of suspense does occur when a lady is suddenly taken ill during the wonderful New Year's Eve festivities at the Imperial Palace. But it is only Miss Savott's maid mistaking indigestion for a miscarriage. The vamping of Orcham in Paris by Miss Savott is however an appropriate prelude of colour to the grey dawn when Orcham marries his sensible housekeeper whom he had raised from being manageress of the laundry to the more exalted position. But Mr. Arnold Bennett writing over six hundred pages in his most vivid style all about luxury hotels, their *personnel*, their habitual visitors, the way they are managed, seems almost

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Mr. Arnold Bennett's Ten-and-sixpenny.

Well, Mr. Priestley writes a novel which goes on and on and on, all about nothing very much, but very human, very interesting; not the least bit exciting yet curiously absorbing—so why not Mr. Arnold Bennett? Indeed, why not? Well, in fact, he has done so, and "Imperial Palace" (Cassell, 10s. 6d.) is the rather

worth the money. One feels he must have enjoyed writing it almost as much as most people will enjoy reading it—almost! It is great fun on the whole however.

## The Friend of Queens.

We move in expensive circles this week. Marie von Bunsen's interesting volume of memoirs, "The World I Used to Know" (Thornton Butterworth, 18s.), has Court life for its background, and kings and queens move to and fro in front. Of Carmen Sylva, the grandmother of the present King of Rumania, she writes: "She thought she was suffering from paralysis, believing herself incapable of walking, and as we often used to regret, had no faith in Christian Science or Lourdes. Then, not long after my visit, thanks to a happy inspiration of the Princess Dowager, the matter was put to a final issue. A studio was built for her as a surprise; it was on a rather higher level than her drawing-room, two steps led up to it. It was to be inaugurated, when it was found that the wheeled chair could not negotiate the steps. Thereupon she got up and walked into the room rather than miss the treat!" Frau von Bunsen is of course three-quarters English; she was educated in England and her grandfather was a famous ambassador to the Court of St. James. During the years from 1860 to 1912, the period covered by her memoirs, she met most of the crowned heads of Europe and a great number of the famous men and women of those days. A very pathetic picture she draws of Eleanor Duse after the fiasco of the first night of d'Annunzio's *Francesca da Rimini* in Florence. The first act was undoubtedly boring, "but d'Annunzio's small clique applauded until he appeared before the curtain, going bald, with the face of a little dissipated bird of prey. There was some hissing at the end of the second act, and the final act was an almost grotesque fiasco. Poor Duse was hardly to be recognized, and I should not have thought such a breakdown on her part was possible. She had an attack of nose-bleeding between the first and second acts. D'Annunzio had made a scene, blamed her for the fiasco, and when she 'answered back' struck her with his fist." Intimate reminiscences of the Empress Frederick are one of the most interesting portions of the book. She must have been rather terrifying as a hostess however. Her love of cleanliness and order was almost an obsession. Poor Sir Frank Lascelles walking about in his stockinged feet for fear of marking the parquet or making a noise, and then having to kneel down in front of the fire-place to smoke his cigar up the chimney are illustrations of this. The writer, however, refuses to believe in the story, recently revived by Sir Frederick Ponsonby, that the Empress was secretly married to Count Seckendorff. Her memoirs, without revealing much of importance, make up a volume of delightful and intimate gossip concerning the famous men and women of her day. From beginning to end it is distinctly readable.

## A Lively Mystery Story.

We descend in the social scale as well as in literary style in Richard Peckham's "Murder in Strange Houses" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 5s.). "My interest in this matter is so personal that you'd think it was me if you saw it with my hat on," writes Mr. Peckham, and at once we know that we have come a long way from Imperial palaces and dowager empresses. The principal criminal is the devil of a bad lad. He kills two of his fellow-criminals and a policeman before George Harper, the detective "hero," gets on his track so thoroughly to enjoy the "getting" and the "tracking." Towards the end of the book he sets down ten



MR. FRED MAY

The well-known "Tatler" caricaturist, who is holding an exhibition of his work at The Libraries, Middlesbrough, during this month. The exhibition will come to London in the spring

(Continued on p. 250)



## LIGHT AND SHADE

By George Belcher



He: What you so angry for, Belinda?

She: Why, I ask to see some flesh-coloured stockings, and they show me black!

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

questions—each one a mystery demanding solution. I believe he finds a satisfactory answer to all of them on the last page. *I didn't!* Still, it did not prevent me from being amused and excited by a spirited kind of mystery story told in infectiously high spirits.

## Reminiscences of a London Magistrate.

Given the patience, the sympathy, the endurance, and a real interest in the problems of common humanity, I always think that the life of a London stipendiary must be an extraordinarily absorbing one. Human nature in its most naked and in its queerest form. Which is one of the reasons why I so thoroughly enjoyed reading Mr. H. L. Cancellor's "The Life of a London Beak" (Hurst and Blackett. 18s.). It is a picture of justice tempered by mercy and by a great understanding of human problems and human types. Such curious problems too! Such queer types! Troubles between husbands and wives of course provide most of the work. Maintenance, separation, assault, misunderstanding, the troubles caused inevitably by "in-laws." Such common problems, and yet such difficult solutions. The problem of maintenance especially. For how can a man earning £2 or £3 a week, keep himself in lodgings and his wife and children in another home. "Also, when a man has been separated from his wife and family no inducement remains to make him earn money to support them. The result of this state of things is that husbands do not keep up the payments, and are summoned for money in arrears. They then plead inability to pay, because they earn only sufficient to keep themselves, or state that they are out of work and so are on the dole. . . . In the meanwhile, the poverty-stricken wife has to shift for herself." But that is only one of the problems which a magistrate has to solve somehow. Almost every variety of human conduct comes under his survey. I think that most people, who know anything about the matter at all will agree with Mr. Cancellor who has long been sceptical of the good done by reformatories and industrial schools for juvenile offenders. A better scheme he suggests would be to do as they do in New Zealand—send the boy or girl into the country to live with cottagers in their homes. "Most of these unhappy youngsters," he writes, "require a good home influence and plenty of wholesome food. In the villages within fifty miles of London and other cities kind foster-parents could be found who would be willing to take charge of waifs and strays from Juvenile Courts if they were paid a reasonable sum for their board and lodging." Elsewhere he pays a generous tribute to court missionaries, especially to Mr. Fitzsimmons, for so many years attached to the Thames Police Court. And like everyone who has been brought into close personal contact with London's very poor, he never ceases to be astounded by their patience and their unquenchable sense of humour; the brave face they put on tragic happenings; their helpfulness to each other, their tolerance and their general decency. "The Life of a London Beak" is a simply-told story of a very interesting life. Human nature in the raw, so to speak; yet often not half so beastly as when it is all pretentious and dressed-up.

## The Inconstant Nymph.

Whoever it was who first told the post-War young woman to "live dangerously" recruited a whole new army of unutterable bores. Everybody knows, of course, what he meant and probably agrees with him. It is not what he meant, however, but the interpretation of his meaning which has added such a damper to the entertainment of life. If you have within you something of the "life dangerous," then, no matter if fate lead your four footsteps into Little Puddleton vicarage and leaves you there, dangerous things will happen to you. It all depends upon the magnetism of your personality, the varied colour of your temperament. But the young woman who says to herself "From to-day onward—the dangerous life for me!" and then goes out and drinks too many cocktails and makes herself cheap with too many nasty young men, under the impression

that she is doing so, is of all human bromides among the more deadly. No wit. No charm. No intelligence. Just a big exposure of her body and a lot of unnecessary noise masquerading as vivacity. Dear, absurd, witless Fenella McClean, the heroine of Miss Margaret Kennedy's witty and delicious new novel, "The Fool of the Family" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), wanted to live dangerously and, in real life, she would, I am sure, have sent most bad men to sleep. With Miss Kennedy as her creator, however, she is positively amusing. However, she really isn't a very important part of this delightful story—no more, that is, than a hat-peg is important if you want to hang up your hat. She is just the means whereby we can follow the interplay of the two Sanger boys with Gemma, a girl of very easy virtue who was brought up in a Rutland vicarage though the memory didn't disturb her more moral emotions in the very least. These are the three people who matter, and Fenella is only, so to speak, the woolly ball which the authoress throws about in order to make the lives of Caryl and Sebastian Sanger, with Gemma as odd woman out, into a thrilling and lively game. The whole novel is a joy to read. So amusing, so real, so witty, and so observant. I don't know any other woman novelist who can portray a naturally born Bohemian as Miss Kennedy can. Most others are about as false to the truth as is a low-down Parisian night-haunt as represented on the London stage—all young men

obviously in fancy dress, sporting to order, with a lot of clergyman's daughters struggling to achieve the technique of being wicked, yet only attaining a perfect banality. One can only hope that after reading "The Fool of the Family," the history of the Sanger family will develop into the Sanger Saga and go on and on for years, like the Forsytes. It is unmorally amusing and most amusingly immoral.



Flo: I say, do you believe that awful story about Doris?  
Elsie: Of course I do—which one?

## UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.



## AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY  
AND LADY MARY STEWARTCOUNTESS HOWE AND LADY  
GEORGIANA CURZONLADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU AND  
THE HON. ELIZABETH SCOTT-MONTAGUVISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS  
FITZ ALAN OF DERWENTTHE EARL AND COUNTESS OF  
LYTTON AT WESTMINSTERTHE EARL AND COUNTESS  
OF IDDESLEIGH

Last week's magnificent ceremony in the House of Lords had special solemnity and significance, for it was the first time the King had opened Parliament since his severe illness. It was also the first occasion on which His Majesty had read his speech to a Labour Government. The peeresses taking part in this great pageant all have their allotted positions, arranged strictly according to precedence. Daughters of peers cannot attend, though in long bygone days they were permitted to occupy seats in the gallery. Lady Londonderry, whose husband bore the Cap of Maintenance before Their Majesties, looked quite beautiful in black, her tiara and necklace being of diamonds and pearls. Lady Howe in a chinchilla cloak over a blue frock was also a most decorative figure. Lady Idlesleigh, who was attending for the first time, was formerly Miss Elizabeth Lowndes, and was married in the spring

# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

## Post Office and Air Mails.

**N**EGLECT of the facilities offered by aircraft for high-speed mail carrying is alleged by the London Chamber of Commerce against the Air Ministry and the Post Office. The fault, in my view, lies with the Post Office. The Post Office is maintained by the public, like a club is maintained by its members, to give service. Neither club nor Post Office, if it confines itself to its true function, will make profits. Excesses of income over expenditure ought to be devoted to improving the service offered. The Post Office, however, with what authority no one knows, has departed from this principle and has been striving to obtain large profits. Profits in a Government department are especially unsatisfactory because they go to pay for inefficiency. They neither increase the income of individuals nor extend the scope of a business. They are thrown down the sink of departmentalism.

The Post Office ought to be obliged to send mails by the quickest route provided the route shows a sufficiently high efficiency and regularity, and efficiency and regularity which compares well with other modes of transport. This is the work which the public has entrusted to the Post Office, and on which account alone it allows that department to hold a monopoly. It expects its mails to go as quickly as possible. Up to a point the Post Office has recognized and acted up to this obligation; but only up to a point. It uses steamships for the carriage of mails across the seas, not rowing boats, or sailing vessels and corked-up bottles, though these might be cheaper. Overland it uses trains and motor-cars, though scooters or perambulators or bath-chairs might be cheaper.

But it does not yet use aircraft over the routes where these are operating unless a special surcharge is paid, a special label affixed, and the letter posted in a special box at a special time. There is no justification for thus singling out air transport from other kinds of transport for special treatment.

## Efficiency of Air Mail.

**T**he percentage efficiency of the air mail to India is 94, which compares well with land and sea transport. Ships are not always on time, and the idea that aeroplanes, before they should be used

appreciable saving of time over land and sea transport. The Post Office's tendency to use slower methods of sending the mails in order that it shall be able to gain political kudos by showing large profits is indefensible. The pretty blue pillar boxes are no more than an advertisement that the Post Office has betrayed its trust and has allowed its passion for the cash-box to overcome its sense of duty.



LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

In her new Puss Moth which carries special fittings to enable her to carry on her journalistic work in comfort in the air when she feels so inclined. The plane's equipment includes a self-starter, navigation lights, a sun-blind, and a Sperry artificial horizon to which Lady Drummond-Hay is pointing. This assists in the maintaining of a horizontal position when flying through fog.



King & Co.  
COLONEL STRANGE

With his Spartan light plane designed by Mr. O. E. Simmonds, which has a new three-seater arrangement of the cockpit. One of these machines greatly interested the Dominion Delegates at the Croydon Air Display given in their honour

for mails, must give a 100 per cent. schedule efficiency is to ask something from air transport that no means of transport has yet given and that is unattainable by foot, horse, ship, train, road, or air. The efficiency of air transport is already high enough to justify all mails being sent by air over routes where there is an

## Croydon Air Display.

**T**he miniature air display at Croydon was chiefly a display of the Air Ministry's love of hyper-officialism. Those who arrived by motor-car were subjected to the process—all too familiar to the frequenter of Air Ministry functions—of being passed along from Aircraftman to Aircraftman and from Air Force Officer to Air Force Officer almost to the last syllable of recorded time. The whole of Croydon was over-run by Air Ministry officials, though why a civil air station comparable with Victoria railway station should become a plaything of the Air Ministry whenever it likes it is hard to say. The aircraft on show were interesting. There were the Harts, Hornets, Fairey III F's, and the Westland Wapitis. And among the civil machines the Westland Wessex, the Robinson Redwing in its new form with the Geret engine and the Parnall Elf. But I was chiefly struck by the variety of clothing worn by the

aeronautical archbishops. The Prime Minister arrived in a Fairey III F and a suit which may or may not set a fashion in aviation wear. It was a delicate green colour and a superb cap and knickerbockers went with it. Mr. Montague was there in a top-hat (slightly ruffled to give the Labour note), while Lord Amulree arrived in a bowler. Mr. Woods Humphrey affected a black felt hat that might have come straight out of "Vile Bodies." Sardonially, it was a satisfactory gathering.

The Dominion delegates saw some interesting aeroplanes, and the display at least gave the Air Ministry an opportunity to throw its weight about at Croydon and for the Government hospitality fund to provide some of the most indigestible food I have ever seen to those who are described—not without a suitably sarcastic sneer—as the "gentlemen of the Press."



NOTABILITIES AT LONDON'S AIR PORT

From left to right: Mr. Handley Page, Mr. C. F. Fairey, Mr. J. H. Scullin, the Australian Premier, and Air Vice-Marshal Lamb. This picture was taken when the Dominion Delegates recently accepted a special invitation to visit Croydon Aerodrome



## ACCORDING TO THE CAMERA

Portrait studies of  
interesting people



THE COUNTESS OF LISBURN

Here are two new portraits of pleasing personalities. Lady Lisburne, who, as the daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, used to decorate London's diplomatic circle, is now a feature of Cardiganshire society, being the giver of nice parties at Crosswood, and concerned with many county matters. Her husband is Cardiganshire's Lord Lieutenant, and was formerly in the Welsh Guards. Lord and Lady Lisburne have three daughters and one son, Lord Vaughan, who was twelve years old in September. Lady Mary Graham, the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, is the possessor of lovely fair hair and a wonderful complexion. When Miss Isobel Sellar became the Marchioness of Graham Lady Mary was one of the retinue of twelve in attendance, and suited her yellow frock to perfection. She is herself engaged, though the date of her wedding to Mr. J. P. T. Boscawen has not, at the time of writing, been announced.

*Photographs by Bertram Park*



LADY MARY GRAHAM



# Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER,—Last night, or rather early this morning, at a party I was told that Jean de Castellane (nothing Topazian about him although he is our Président du Conseil Municipal) had sent out a sentimental appeal to all good and true Parisians asking them to decorate their homes in honour of Costes and Bellonte's return. At 4.30 a.m. (in evening garments and a downpour) I evolved something quite tasteful on my balcony with the help of Christmas-tree flags and my last summer's beach pyjamas which happen to have been plain blues and reds and whites (I am nothing if not simple in my sartorial tastes!). I then went to bed with the clear conscience (and crick in my neck) that comes from the sense of duty well done only to be awakened three hours later by the ironical cheers of the school-children from next door who, from their attitude, gave me to understand that I was the only inhabitant of Auteuil who had taken our worthy councillor's manifesto seriously. Annoying, don't you think, and really rather shabby of the Auteuillites since Mary Costes and her husband live just-round-the-corner from *chez moi* in one of those quiet, almost rural streets that are still to be found where Passy begins to be Auteuil.

**M**ary Costes was the star turn in the amusing debate organised by Russian exiles in Paris at the Salle Gaveau last week. Before her marriage she was, you remember, Princess Vachnatz. Nikita Balleff of Chauve Souris fame (his company is to appear at the Théâtre de la Madeleine after Christmas, while Sacha and Yvonne enjoy a lil' rest on the Riviera) cross-examined her as to her identity. "Are you really the wife of Dieudonné Costes?" he demanded. Mary Costes raised her little beige-gloved hand with due solemnity, "I swear it, before God and man!" quote she. Almost every member of what one might almost call the Labour Party of the

Russian colony was at this affair. The hall was crowded. Handsome taxi drivers in well-cut but out-of-date dinner jackets; mannequins in their professional frocks—borrowed for the occasion; waitresses and sales ladies in shabby black and, some of them, dirty but magnificent jewels. An elderly woman who has obtained some fame as a soothsayer was wrapped in a heavy sable cape under which she confessed to "only a dressing gown." There were also Nathalie Kovenko, the film star, and her husband, Tourganski; the artists Korovine and Malliavine and Vertinsky, who is known as a sort-of-a-kind-of Maurice Chevalier. The good humour and gaiety of these people who, all of them, have passed through the most tragic moments, seem marvellous to me. Kessel has written a best-seller, "Nuits de Princes," about these gorgeous optimists—for to be as opti-



FACE VALUE

This study concentrates on the attractive lineaments of a young Hungarian dancer who calls herself Miss Flauris. If her dancing is as good value as her face she is certain of success

mistic as these people are means either heroism or lunacy, and I entirely incline to the former hypothesis—that, when I read it this summer, made me smile incredulously; now I am rather brought to believe that he has understated their courage.

**Y**ou will have heard, Très Cher, of the death—at the comparatively early age of fifty-six—of Madame Louise Sylvain of the Comédie Française, but will you have remembered that she was the wife of Eugène Sylvain, the grand old actor, almost thirty years her senior, who died a little less than two months ago? The Sylvains were the most united couple I know; inseparable on the stage and in private life. One could not imagine one without the other. Madame Sylvain had been suffering from a grave malady for the last two years, but repeated operations had apparently worked miracles, and she was to have created the principal rôle in a new Pagnol comedy this autumn. After her husband's death, however, she ceased her long struggle for health, and, very gently, at dawn the other morning, she passed away, lucid to the end, and glad to have finished with an earthly existence that had become an unbearable burden.

**P**aris seems to be taking ver' kindly thank you to the new (to us) pastime of indoor golf. There are two courses already. The Midget Golf (which we pronounce to rhyme with *miché*) at the Hôtel Scribe, and the Highland Miniature Golf (the "gh" of Highland proves an insuperable difficulty to the Latin tongue) at the Hôtel de Paris. The former is amusing as to *décor*, but the room is rather small; the latter is a more serious affair (as one at once sees by the business-like checks of the caddies' pants) laid out in more roomy quarters. I went to the opening party of the Hig-land (thus do some of us get over the "gh" difficulty . . . by ignoring it) course. The "play" was not very brilliant as the cocktails were free. One squint-eyed man holed in one at the Wiggle-waggle however, but *that* was because six cocktails combined with a squint gave him what one might call beginners' luck. Personally I am not crazy about the game; too much concentrated bending-over, especially after dinner, if you know what I mean. Also, if play-games-indoors-I-must then I really prefer something more jerky so that one really does get a little exercise—ping-pong, . . . hunt-the slipper, . . . or musical chairs, for instance—and oh think of the forfeits dearie!—PRISCILLA.



MLLE. CHRYSIS

In her realistic snake dance, which had a tremendous vogue in Paris. Mlle. Chrysis is one of the most applauded dancers at the Folies Bergères

# GERMANY STEPS OUT AT THE BERLIN DANCE SCHOOL



GENIA KAISSAROVA, GSOVSKY'S STAR PUPIL



IN ONE OF THE DRESSING-ROOMS

Tanzmeister Gsovsky is the presiding genius of this big dance school in Berlin, and it is said that anyone who can survive his very trying curriculum can survive anything. Hard and never-ceasing work is the rule and the results prove that it is entirely justified. Gsovsky's system is called "rationalized" dancing as opposed to what he calls the synthetic method of Isadora Duncan and her school. Genia Kaissarova is Gsovsky's star pupil and he is deservedly proud of her. Gsovsky himself was trained in the Imperial Ballet in what was formerly St. Petersburg, and no finer education could be imagined. There are now 148 dancing schools in Berlin, but the Gsovsky school is admittedly one of the best. Genia Kaissarova incidentally is Gsovsky's daughter.



EVIDENCES OF THE HARD WORK

*Photographs by Abbé*



## ENCOUNTERED BY THE CAMERA AT NEWBURY

MISS BETTY SCHUSTER AND  
MRS. GEORGE DULLER

CLARE, LADY COWLEY AND LADY MAR

THE MARQUIS OF ZETLAND  
AND THE HON. MRS. GLYNMRS. ALLAN SWINTON AND  
MRS. BONHAM-CARTERMISS DIANA GILBEY AND  
MR. PETER DOLLARLADY ROBERT MANNERS AND  
MISS BETTY MANNERS

Newbury's October meeting provided the Aga Khan with yet another addition to his long string of successes, his *Le Voleur*, kindly treated by the handicapper, winning the Newbury Autumn Handicap with plenty to spare. *Servus* was second, and grand old Sir Joshua, who was giving the winner 25 lb., was third. Several good two-year-olds were on view in the Thrale Maiden Plate, which resulted in a dead-heat between H.H.'s Mah Mahal and Abbot's Worthy, three lengths in front of Decorum, who was running on at the finish. The usual big crowd, which never fails to forgether on this popular course was present, one of its most notable members being Lord Zetland, who succeeded Sir George Bullough this year as Senior Steward of the Jockey Club. Mrs. Glyn is Lord Derwent's daughter, and the wife of Major Ralph Glyn, the Member for Abingdon, who was concerned with the Tote Bill in the House of Commons. Lady Mar is the wife of the Premier Earl of Scotland, and Lady Robert Manners and her daughter are two popular inhabitants of the Belvoir country





Marian Lewis, Queen Anne's Gate

## VICE-ADMIRAL ERNEST TAYLOR, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS

The Empire Crusade candidate in the South Paddington bye-election, the result of which, at the time of writing, is not known. Mrs. Taylor and Miss Betty and Miss Jane Taylor all played their parts in last week's exciting battle, while Joker was busy canvassing on his own account, free bones for British Bulldogs being his slogan. Vice-Admiral Taylor, C.M.G., C.V.O., was born in 1876, and served throughout the Great War. He commanded the battle cruiser, "Renown," during the Prince of Wales's Dominion tour, 1919-20, subsequently being in control of the Irish Sea area, and later was appointed Captain of the Plymouth Coast Guard Command. Admiral Taylor, who holds the Royal Humane Society's silver medal, retired from the Senior Service in 1924. Mrs. Taylor was Miss Rose Isabel Campbell before her marriage

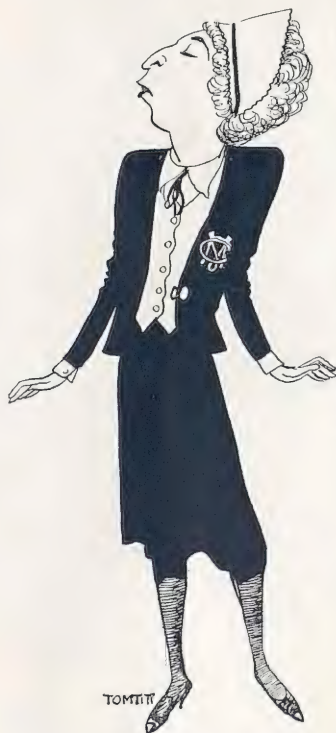
# THE PASSING SHOWS

"Leave it to Psmith" at the  
Pshaftebury



HE DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT

The resourceful Psmith (Mr. Basil Foster), masquerading as a poet in crime, and the winsome Eve (Miss Joan Baxter) disagree over an affair of stolen diamonds—and hearts



GLADYS OF THE MORPHEUS  
CLUB

Miss Joan Hickson as the very superior  
Miss Rumbelow

STATISTICS are psilent, like the p in psalmon or the u in unanimous, concerning the psum total of psimple psouls who beg, borrow, psteal, or otherwise read a new book by Mr. P. G. Wodehouse the instant it appears. Life is pso complex that to be a Psimple Psoul when opportunity offers is the beginning of wisdom. As your train, for instance, hurtles you from south to north, why, when you are tired of contemplating the scenery or the lack of it, let your idle thoughts dwell on the agricultural depression of one and the industrial stagnation of the other? Why not, in sanity's name, relax and leave it to Wodehouse?

What Mr. Basil Foster and his joint-stock colleagues can do for the noble army of Psimpletons is well known by all adherents of that collaboration between Ian Hay and P. G. W. which has brought countless laughs to the lips of thousands, but never a blush to the cheeks of one. It is stimulating to be a Bright Young Thing with Coward, and an epicure of epigrams with Maugham. But bed sitting-room comedy and social satire are like cocktails. You can be old-fashioned and dislike them on principle; or, being willing to swallow them at every opportunity, you can try something else for a change—something safe and homely—and still leave the taste for olives unimpaired. That word "homely" sums up the success of the Hay-Wodehouse corner in high-spirited nonsense. You can take your mother, aunt, and children to the Shaftesbury, and they will find it a home from home, only about a million times funnier. There is nothing to explain or explain away.

Mr. Clive Currie, permitting his normally intelligent features to register the baffled look of an elderly, irritable rabbit about to eat its young, opens the evening propitiously with a spirited impression of a short-sighted Earl stumbling and cursing around the battlements of his ancestral home. In the world of Wodehouse a comic aristocracy is part of the landscape. It is a world where everybody is as merry as a grig and as mad as a hatter; where eccentric Earls become practically stone blind at convenient moments, where Countesses refuse to deposit the family diamonds in the bank, where sprigs of the nobility are blithering idiots, where everybody suffers from a peculiarity and refuses to let it be forgotten.

The Earl's obsessions are illuminated missals, mislaid spectacles and a tendency to read a speech on Temperance at a meeting of Licensed Victuallers. His son, Freddie (Mr. Reginald Gardiner), combines a garrulous imbecility with a passion for the films. His over-efficient secretary when stricken with a



"SON OF A BELTED  
EARL"

Mr. Reginald Gardiner as the  
imbecilious Freddie Bosham





CUPID AND THE CROOKS

Miss Peavy, the Fairy Poetess (Miss Olive Blakeney) and Eddie Coates (Mr. Aubrey Mather), her admiring but hardly competent partner in crime

cold, contracted through nocturnal sleuthings in pink pyjamas, sneezes louder and more often than secretaries should or can. His wife (Miss Eileen Munro) suffers acutely from literary lion hunting, her taste in high-brows being only surpassed by the peculiarities of those minor poets to whom Blandings Castle extends its hospitality. Ralston McTodd (Mr. Jack Lambert), the Scottish-American perpetrator of "Mud" and "Songs of Squalor," has a complex about Brussels sprouts. With Miss Peavy (Miss Olive Blakeney) it is Fairies. This lady floats about the garden in diaphanous draperies and mistakes cucumber frames for fairy palaces. With Psmith (Mr. Basil Foster) the trouble is Fish. His uncle had pushed him into a nice little business at Billingsgate, but before long a hatred for halibut drove him away. An eel and an eyeglass do not mix; red herrings and white spats have no spiritual communion.

The mingling of all these idiosyncracies produces a maze of plot and counter-plot beyond the powers of recapitulation. Freddie, reared on the philosophy of Hollywood, decides to (1) Steal, in the politer sense, his mother's newly inherited diamonds, (2) make her sign a cheque for £5,000, to buy (a) a new necklace for her, and (b) a partnership for himself with the local jam-king, with whose daughter (Miss Nonnie Taylor) he desires to commit matrimony. Psmith, severed from sole, advertises his services in the Press as a help in trouble. Distance no object; crime not objected to. The pair meet by appointment at the exit of the Green Park tube-station. Psmith, monocled and top-hatted, wears in his button-hole a vast sprig of rhododendron, which is the nearest Freddie can get to carnation. Along trips the

alluring Eve (Miss Jane Baxter) to interview the Earl at the Morpheus Club concerning the job of cataloguing his library. Shower of rain; stolen umbrella; love at first sight; a passing crook (Mr. Aubrey Mather); lunch at the club—the Earl and the poet, Freddie and Smith. Violent departure of poet owing to the fare provided — Brussels sprouts again; loss of Earl's glasses; substitution of Psmith for poet.

After that I must leave it to you—and Psmith. Miss Blake-ney isn't a vapouring American poetess with a passion for Fairies but a hard-bitten crook with palms itching for the Middlewick Diamonds. Mr. Mather of the striped trousers is her old flame and accomplice. Being the softest of toughs he introduces himself to Psmith as the absent poet. This won't do, and the



THE EARL AND HIS SECRETARY

The efficient Baxter (Mr. Edward Chapman) produces the right speech but his Lordship (Mr. Clive Currie) always reads the wrong one

trio declare war and then a truce. Striped Trousers is led away by Bellows as Fish's valet. Fairies steals the necklace when the lights go out, and Striped Trousers pops it into a flower-pot. Eve enters, left, crouching low, and hides it in another. Fish seizes the right flower-pot, jumps over the balustrade, and retires to the keeper's cottage, where he hides it in the hollow interior of a stuffed pheasant. Next morning Eve searches the cellar and Freddie emerges from the chimney with a dead bat and a face blackened by soot. Fairies and Striped Trousers arrive, threaten Fish with revolvers, and retire defeated. Brussels Sprouts, explanations, and more sneezing follow. Jewels restored and everybody happy. Eat more Fish.

With so much talent and teamwork to play havoc with reason and put nonsense on its proper pedestal, the handing-out of individual bouquets is an invidious performance. I should prefer a congratulatory round robin in the form of a giant psalmon or a rhododendron bush worthy of a special bed at Kew. But Mr. Clive Currie's bleatings and barkings, Mr. Reginald Gardiner's stream of back-chat, Miss Jane Baxter's thorough winsomeness, Mr. Jack Lambert's Scottish-American vehemence, and Mr. Aubrey Mather's ingenuousness in crime cannot be left to mere collective felicitations. Mr. Basil Foster's Psmith is a stout piece of work, and Miss Olive Blakeney's sly delivery of her wise-cracks is a joy for ever. Mr. Edward Chapman brings off a winning double by being unrecognizable as the same person in two parts. H. sneezing secretary and Cockney lift-man have nothing in common except a sharp sense of character and comedy. "TRINCULO."



POETS ARE SO TEMPERAMENTAL

The author of "Songs of Squalor" (Mr. Jack Lambert) has a brain-storm over Brussels sprouts



## AUTOMATIC ACTIVITIES



MRS. MARSHALL, LORD ERSKINE, AND MR. WORSLEY  
AT THE OPENING MEET OF MR. TIARKS' HOUNDS



MISS PENN AND SIR HEREWARD WAKE  
AT TOWCESTER'S AUTUMN MEETING



LADY POLE AND MISS POLE CAREW  
IN THE PADDOCK AT TOWCESTER



ALSO AT TOWCESTER: MR. SIMON  
ELWES AND CAPTAIN RENTON



AT WEBBINGTON HOUSE: MISS  
TIMMIS AND MR. FRANK TIARKS

Fox-hunting with Mr. Tiarks' hounds opened officially on October 25 with a meet at Webbington House, the home of the Master. Mr. H. A. Tiarks re-started the Mendip hounds in 1914 and was Master for several seasons. Two seasons ago the Mendip country was divided, and Mr. Tiarks now hunts that part of it which lies west of Cheddar Gorge. Mr. Frank Tiarks also hunts in this country, having a house near Axbridge as well as Foxbury in Kent. It will be remembered that his son married Lord Headfort's only daughter last April. At Towcester Steeplechases runaway victories were the rule, the only close finish being in the Tiffeld Selling Hurdle. Among those looking on were Sir John Pole's wife and sister and Mr. Simon Elwes, who is Lady Winefride Elwes' youngest son and an artist of repute. Brigadier Sir Hereward Wake, the head of a very ancient family, owns Courteenhall, near Northampton



**"ABATTUE"!**

*By Walden Hammond*





# THE PYTCHLEY GOING AWAY

Frank Freeman on the right; Lieut.-Colonel

By Lionel Ed





DAY FROM NASEBY COVERT

J. G. Lowther, M.F.H., in the centre

Edwards, R.I.



## DRINK BETTER CHOCOLATE

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'CUP'  
CHOCOLATE**

*Made at Bournville, the Factory in a Garden*



MISS EVELYN  
LAYEMISS EDWINA  
BOOTH

Miss Evelyn Laye's first starring film, "Lilli" by name, is naturally of importance, and here she is in a scene from this screen production which George Fitzmaurice directed for Samuel Goldwyn. But much more important in London opinion is the fact that Miss Laye, straight from her American triumphs in "Bitter Sweet," has come back to play Lady Shayne at His Majesty's, Miss Peggy Wood having been ordered a rest after brilliantly sustaining this exacting part for fifteen months. Miss Edwina Booth has only been engaged in film work for a short time, but she is already playing the leading feminine rôle in "Trade Horn," which was shot largely in Africa. The lovely face of Miss Marlene Dietrich, the German star, is to be seen in "The Man from Wyoming" with Gary Cooper



MISS MARLENE DIETRICH



# NEWS FROM IRELAND



MR. E. R. MORE-O'FERRALL, LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM,  
MISS OLIVE PLUNKET, AND MRS. HILL-WHITSON



MISS O'MALLEY KEYES, LADY NUGENT, AND  
MRS. FRANK BOYLAN AT THE CURRAGH



AT AN OPENING MEET: LORD AND  
LADY TALBOT DE MALAHIDE



LADY WELDON AND MR. H. HARTIGAN  
AT THE IRISH CESAREWITCH



Photographs by Poole, Dublin  
MRS. JOHN O'BRIEN AND  
LADY ATHLUMNEY

The two groups at the top of this page were taken on the day Sol de Terre won the Irish Cambridgeshire. Mr. More-O'Ferrall is a brother of the successful young Irish trainer, and Mrs. Hill-Whitson is his aunt. Lady Helena Fitzwilliam is Lord Fitzwilliam's youngest daughter, and Miss Olive Plunket is a cousin of Lord Plunket. Miss O'Malley Keyes (on the right) is the elder daughter of Colonel O'Malley Keyes, an ex-Master of the Galway Blazers, and Lady Nugent and Mrs. Boylan hunt with the Westmeath and Meath respectively. Lord and Lady Talbot de Malahide were photographed at the opening meet, at Rathbeale, of the Fingall Harriers, one of the first of the Irish packs to get going. Lord Talbot de Malahide, who married a daughter of Mr. Fred Kerr, the actor, is Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Malahide and the seas adjoining. The two remaining snapshots were taken at The Curragh on Irish CesaREWitch day. Lady Weldon now spends a good part of the year with her sons in London, but goes over to Ireland occasionally to see that all is well at Kilmoroney. Mr. Hubert Hartigan's training stables at Ruanbeg, in Kildare, are well known. He is a brother of Mr. Frank Hartigan. Mrs. John O'Brien is the daughter of Captain R. B. Brassey of Cottesbrooke. Her husband, who won the Irish Grand National on Amberwave, and also rode him at Aintree, is a nephew of Sir Timothy O'Brien. Lady Athlumney, whose husband died in 1928, was Miss Margery Boan before her marriage. Her place, Somerville, is in Co. Meath.



# A GENERAL SURVEY



LORD AND LADY JELlicoe

A snapshot taken at Satcombe in the Isle of Wight, where Sir Vere Hobart's pheasants and duck recently provided plenty of sport for week-end guests. The famous Admiral possesses a popularity second to none, and both he and his wife have a facility for enjoying life. Last month Lord Jellicoe paid Ireland a visit for the purpose of getting into personal touch with the various Irish branches of the British Legion, an association which has his whole-hearted support

Below is Miss Margery Binner, the attractive young actress, sharing this paper with one of Mr. Gordon Stewart's Great Danes at the Send Kennels. Miss Binner is playing Ann Hood in "Her First Affaire," recently transferred from the Kingsway Theatre to the Duke of York's



A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT



Howard Barrett

ON FOOT WITH THE SOUTH NOTTS

Mrs. Ronald Willoughby (right) and Mrs. W. E. Seely taking walking exercise when the South Notts had a late cubbing meet at Gonalston. Mrs. Seely's little boy found the going a bit rough till his nurse came to the rescue. Mrs. Willoughby is a kinswoman by marriage of Lord Middleton, and Mrs. Seely was Miss Lavender Franklin before her marriage. The trio below were observed in the Park last week. Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, as everyone who follows tournament tennis knows, used to be Miss Eileen Bennett, and her court style is as attractive as her face



LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE

Waving good-bye to friends at Cape Town station after being bridesmaid to Miss Molly Thorne when she married Lieut. K. A. Sellar, R.N.. The latter is the international Rugby player who was England's full back on several occasions. South Africa's goodbyes to the Governor General and his wife and daughter will be said sadly this month, for the Earl of Athlone, Princess Alice, and Lady May Cambridge have achieved universal popularity at the Cape. They leave for home shortly via the East Coast. Lord Clarendon is the new Governor-General



MRS. FEARNLEY-WHITTINGSTALL AND MISS FARMER IN HYDE PARK



## Bubble and Squeak

GENERAL SIR A. MONTGOMERY tells many amusing yarns in his book, "The Story of the Fourth Army," and this one concerning a nigger soldier on the Western Front is one of them. He was a doctor's orderly, and one morning he reported for duty looking very, very ill. His ebony face had turned to an ashen grey, and he trembled in every limb.

"You've been drinking," said the doctor eyeing him sternly.

"No, sah," said Rastus. "Deed I only had dem two bottles ob beer."

"Dem two what you had in your tent," sighed Rastus, "dey was labelled 'Cognac.'"

A man was passing through a churchyard one evening and found an old gentleman standing there apparently listening to the choir practising in the church. "It's very beautiful, isn't it?" he said. "Yes, it certainly is," replied the old man, "and the most wonderful thing about it is that they do it by rubbing their legs together." He happened to be a naturalist who was listening to the grasshoppers.

A man invited a friend in to look at his garden, and in one corner of it the visitor noticed an enormous dog-kennel with a very small dog curled up inside, asleep. "What on earth do you want a kennel that size for a little dog like that?" asked the friend.

The owner looked round carefully. "Well, as a matter of fact," he confided, "I got a really big one because sometimes when I get home late I find that my wife has locked me out."

A touring company was playing in a Lancashire town. The play was based upon the life of Napoleon.

On the last evening both Napoleon and his aide-de-camp had been sampling the local brew, and the aide, at a tense moment of the play, became a little mixed in his topography.

"Sire, sire," he said, "it has been deshided to banish you to St. Helens."

Napoleon digested this fact, and then observed resignedly, "Ah, well, it might have been Wigan."

It was company field-training. The captain saw a young recruit trying to cook his breakfast with an amateurish fire. Going to him he showed him how to make a quick-cooking fire. "Look at the time you're wasting," he said. "When I was in the Himalayas I often had to hunt my breakfast. I used to go about two miles in the jungle, shoot my food, skin or pluck it, then cook



THE LACE MANTILLA! MISS LUPE VELEZ

James N. Doolittle

Before she entered the motion-picture business Miss Lupe Velez was a dancer. Her first big appearance was with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho," and as she was born and trained in Mexico she fitted into the scheme of things well

and eat it, and return to the camp in under half-an-hour." Then he added, "Of course, you've heard of the Himalayas?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young soldier, "and I've heard of Ananias."

A milkman placed in his window a card inscribed, "Milk from Contented Cows." A neighbouring butcher, not to be outdone, also had a card in his window. His card read: "Sausages from Pigs that Died Happy."

The policeman stepped out at the end of the police trap. "Excuse me, sir," he said, producing his notebook, "but you have exceeded the speed limit over a measured piece of road."

"I've done nothing of the sort," retorted the motorist, "and besides —"

"Well, sir, if you don't believe me, you can ask the sergeant, as it was him who took the time. He's over by the pigsty yonder."

"I wouldn't trouble him for worlds," was the acid reply, "I'd sooner pay five fines than disturb the sergeant at his meals."

A man visited Habneman, the founder of homœopathy.

Habneman listened to his complaint and then passed a phial under his nose and said, "You are cured!"

Concealing his disappointment the patient asked, "What do I owe you?"

"Fifty pounds!"

The man drew a note from his wallet, passed it under the nostrils of Habneman, and said, "You are paid!"



MISS DIANA BEAUMONT

Peter North

The engaging young actress who is in the cast of the new play, "The Man who Killed his Wife," which opens in London on November 10. Miss Beaumont is the daughter of Mr. Comyns Beaumont, the editor of "The Bystander"





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# Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE" By

SOMEONE who has taken a few notes on how to behave before the cub-hunt which were published in this page very seriously, has been so very kind as to write and thank me, and also pay me the quite undeserved compliment of asking me to afford any further aid in my power to intending hunters. He (or I fancy from the handwriting it may be a she) says: "You appear to know so much about meals and people who eat them before hunting, that I think you might go on a bit further and help us with some more timely hints." This has been essayed before in these notes, and I have done my best to suggest things about wills, surgery, undertakers, "grip" (for the knees), eating and also flirting on horseback, that really I cannot go and do it all again; but if any little hints about things in general in connection with equitation and the fox-hunt are of any use, I will do my best in a manner which I hope will be easily understood by the greatest Hick who ever aspired to have a bit of a bump round. The method I have pursued in the past has been to have italicized headings, and I think it is the handiest. So we will make a start:

**The Correct Seat in Jumping.**—Steel collar-studs should always be worn and a small magnet included in the fox-hunter's luggage. It is simply Hell when you drop a collar-stud when dressing and it rolls under a dressing-table or what-not. If, however, you have a magnet, place it on the floor and stand by to pounce on stud the moment it breaks covert—as it will—in time. A stud dropped down the back after you have got your breeches on is also Hell, especially if you are in such a hurry you haven't time to undress and collect it. A magnet may do. Left in your clothes the stud may compel you to adopt the forward or *fautenil* seat all day long. Most exhausting.

**Forty Minutes on the Grass.**—A well-worn hunting expression. A compacted fracture of the collar-bone only worries the extremely duck-hearted. It is nothing, and only a nuisance if you try to blow your nose or reach into the tail-pocket of your coat for your cigarette-case. Cigarette-cases, or anything hard in fact, should not be carried in the breast- or in any front-pockets of the hunting "vest" or waistcoat. The fracture of the ribs, to say nothing of the tearing of the intercostal muscles, is—I cannot write the words I want because THE



POOLE, DUBLIN  
CAPTAIN HORNSBY, M.F.H., AND MRS. HORNSBY

At the Louth's opening meet at Lissrenny, the home of the Master, Captain R. A. B. Filgate. Captain Hornsby has been Joint Master of the Meath with Captain R. H. Fowler since 1928, an arrangement which has proved most satisfactory. Unfortunately he was a casualty during a large part of last season as the result of a bad fall early on

TATLER is a paper read in the home—well, pretty sanguinary awful anyhow, but cigarette-cases make it worse. The same thing applies to silver pocket-flasks whether filled with Cognac or not.

**Going Like a Scalded Cat.**—Care should be taken to wear some really well-chosen pastel shade in hosiery and underwear beneath the hunting costume. Yellow or black-bird's-egg colour look well. It will be found that they invariably cut the boot and the breeches off with scissors in cases of either compound, comminuted, or even simple fractures. A hole in the sock or stocking (according to sex) looks simply beastly.

**Vertigo When On Horseback.**—There is nothing better than a drop of the hard stuff to counteract this. Take no notice of any known drink-pincher who, having come it, lies (a good word) on the ridge and furrow gasping "Brandy!" and pretending to be dead—especially if you have been had by him before.

**Binders—Top and Otherwise.**—See previous paragraph.

**Bloody Noses.**—A key down the back is dam cold; rubbing the nose with a wedding-ring quite ineffectual; bandaging difficult. I am unable to offer any very useful suggestion other than to take a red handkerchief out with you. *Mem.*: In Nelson's days the insides of battleships and frigates were painted red.

**"Say 99!"**—Hit any doctor a proper squelcher in the wind who, just as you are coming to with your mouth full of incisors and molars,

makes this request. It is most ill-mannered.

**Riding by Balance.**—The hair should be parted in the middle. If this imparts a too-apish appearance and it has to be parted at the side, an endeavour should be made to strike as

near a balance as circumstances will permit. Every little helps. You should abstain from hissing when doing the hair; it suggests that you may be horsey on foot and footy on a horse. When on foot in a lounge suit do not walk too duck-toed in an effort to convey the impression that you are so accustomed to having a pair of hooks, or spurs, on that you are afraid of speedy-cutting yourself. It is just as bad as hissing or chewing a tooth-pick or straw.

**Tact.**—This is the same thing as "hands" on a horse or coxing a boat. You have it, or have it not. If you want to cheer up an

(Continued on p. xii)



THE ARMY CRUSADERS' FOOTBALL CLUB TEAM

Which is a product of Aldershot, and has just completed a tour of various public schools. They beat Shrewsbury and Westminster, and lost to Repton and Malvern. Seated, left to right, are: Mr. J. Carter (Dorset Regiment), Regt.-Major J. C. O. Marriott (Scots Guards, captain), Mr. A. A. Goodwin (Suffolk Regiment), Mr. W. S. T. Douglas (R.E.); standing—Captain J. S. D. Lloyd (Suffolk Regiment), Mr. A. O. Robinson (Hants Regiment), Mr. J. J. McCully (Royal Sussex Regiment), Mr. G. L. Rampling (R.A.), Mr. P. V. Sturdee (Royal Tank Corps), Mr. H. W. Dean (Suffolk Regiment), Mr. W. A. Warren (Royal Berks Regiment), and Captain H. A. Dix (R.A.). Mr. K. E. Hegan (R.A.S.C.) also played against Repton





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city of midnight  
laughter..PARIS  
..dancing until  
dawn..BERLIN  
..thronging  
to the  
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THE OLD ALLEYNIAHS XV

R. S. Crisp

In their match with the London Scottish which was played on the Old Alleynians' ground on October 25, the London Scottish were beaten by 28 points to 5. The names in the group, left to right, are: Back row—J. Pettifer, A. Rutter, D. H. Frankford, E. D. Miller, A. S. Davies, F. King, W. D. Talbot, A. J. Lewis, K. R. Pettifer; front row—R. S. Hellier, K. J. Stark, E. C. P. Whiteley (vice-captain), A. F. Heppenstall (captain), A. M. Dixon, T. L. Foster, and G. Bethell-Jones

**M**R. JAMES BAXTER, known to most Rugby folk as "Bim," has been presented with a silver-salver autographed by the members of the Rugby Union side that has just returned from New Zealand. The inscription is "To Bim. With Happy Memories of Our Tour to New Zealand and Australia." There is no doubt that the team was a very happy family, there was not a single jarring note, and no trouble of any kind, which is more than can be said of some previous expeditions.

All the tourists speak very highly of the hospitality and general goodwill which they experienced down under, and no doubt they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, even those who had the bad luck to get damaged. Fortunately there was only one really serious accident, the damaged knee sustained by W. H. Sobey before half-time in the first game of the tour. The old Mill Hill boy has not played since, though there is a possibility that he may turn out later in the season. England will feel his loss very severely, for there is no doubt he is the finest scrum-half now playing football.

His absence undoubtedly accounts for some of the reverses suffered by the tourists, and it is evident that some of the New Zealand critics did not understand his value to the side. Had they done so they would not have said that they were disappointed with the team which, as a matter of fact, even with this heavy handicap, achieved a good deal more than was expected.

There was, of course, a certain amount of trouble about the wing forward, the player who is useless to his side unless he breaks the rules of the game. Mr. Baxter spoke very strongly about him, and he found many supporters even in New Zealand. There is no doubt that this excrement should be removed, and if another All Black team visits England they should be told plainly before they started that foul play of this kind would not be tolerated.

A certain Mr. McKenzie, said to be chairman of the New Zealand Selection Committee, was responsible for the only serious contretemps of the tour. At the dinner after one of the big matches he roundly accused the visitors of systematic obstruction and unfair play, to the

utter amazement of his audience. His oration was received with stony silence, but the home authorities soon made it clear that they entirely disowned the speaker, who will now doubtless return to his native obscurity. The All Blacks a few years ago had one or two quaint people with them, but no one quite so blatant as this.

It is regrettable that the attitude of many players in the colonies, towards the referee differs from that adopted by respectable British teams. Here it is considered the right thing to endeavour to keep the laws, and any player who is penalized is not exactly proud of himself. But many Colonials openly avow their intention to beat the referee if they can, and when they succeed they are quite proud of it. They ought not to be, for Rugby is quite the easiest game in the world at which to cheat, which is why it is above all others the game for gentlemen. It is impossible for some of us to understand what satisfaction there can be in a victory gained by cheating. A great deal of pernicious nonsense has been written about the "will to win." Every player worth his salt wishes and hopes to win, but there are, heaven be thanked, thousands who prefer an honourable defeat to a dishonest victory.

Cardiff got into trouble at Blackheath the other day, not that that is very remarkable, lots of visiting teams incur the wrath of the Blackheath spectators. In this instance it was alleged that W. E. Tucker was on two occasions prevented from scoring by obstruction, and that the referee should have awarded penalty tries. As I did not see the game I have no opinion on the matter, but as a general principle I believe that penalty tries should be more frequent than they are. One, by the way, was awarded that day to the Old Alleynians in their game against the London Scottish. On the other hand Mr. Bott, the referee at the Rectory Field, is one of the best and keenest of officials.

The Eastern Counties, who provided D. A. Kendrew of Woodford for the England side last season, have found another very promising forward in the person of R. F. Davey, who plays for Leytonstone. He hails from Teignmouth, in South Devon, and is a very different type of forward from Kendrew, who is essentially a front row man. Davey is very fast and

(Continued on p. xviii)



THE LONDON SCOTTISH XV

R. S. Crisp

Who in their match with the Old Alleynians on Dulwich Common scored only 5 points against their opponents 28. Names, left to right, are: Back row—D. Dryburgh, D. H. Simson, N. C. Green, H. Aitchison, D. A. Tom, N. H. MacLennan, W. A. Sime, A. Duke; sitting—R. MacLennan, I. S. Smith, E. Henderson, W. Routhead (captain), R. W. Langrish, K. Wright, and A. C. C. Miers





## Why 'Ovaltine' is the complete and perfect Tonic Food Beverage

**P**URE fresh milk, home-grown barley malt and new-laid eggs are used in the manufacture of "Ovaltine." Eggs, although expensive, are indispensable if "Ovaltine" is to possess its unique nerve and body-building properties.

12,500,000 eggs are used yearly. The photograph shows a day's supply. 300 acres of land adjoining the "Ovaltine" factory in beautiful Hertfordshire have been purchased to establish an egg farm. When fully developed this will probably be

the largest and best equipped in the world. The supplies are supplemented by eggs selected from specially chosen sources and guaranteed to be the best obtainable.

"Ovaltine" stands supreme as the food beverage which is the richest in nourishment, the cheapest in cost, the most economical in use. It contains, in a concentrated and correctly-balanced form, all the food elements essential for health. In every home delicious "Ovaltine" should be the daily beverage.

Prices in Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P 680

# PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.



FORCES FOR COURSES

Truman Howett

A group taken at Shrewsbury when the Shropshire branch of the Grenadier Guards' Old Comrades' Association held its annual dinner. Included are Captain Sir Offley Wakeman, Mr. S. F. Polston, Colonel Lord Gort, V.C., Captain R. O. R. Kenyon-Slaney, Major-General Charles Grant, Colonel Ralph Leeke (president of this flourishing branch), Brigadier-General Lord Henry Seymour, Major Becke, and Mr. J. S. Fowler (hon. secretary)

## Show Aftermath.

ONE of the things that I positively refuse to find surprising is that the attendance at Olympia has now developed a downward bend; indeed, had I been interested in daily newspaper guessing competitions I should have been well under those of last year, and, of course, have been wrong on some occasions. I have seen and heard it argued that the fact that fewer people pay for admission to Olympia year after year shows that interest in cars, as cars, is waning. The proportion of motorists who are concerned with the technical details of their chassis is steadily growing smaller; that is obvious enough, but then another obvious thing is that year after year the Show tends to become more and more an exhibition of complete cars. For my own part I noticed numerous stands that in former years have displayed their polished or "standard finish" chassis in which that practice had been dropped. This, I think, is a pity; in my humble opinion there ought to be one bare chassis (absolutely standard for choice) on every stand. We may not all want to examine the "innards" of our automobiles, but still quite a number of us do, especially our designers who, at Olympia, have an opportunity for seeing the work of their friendly rivals which could never be otherwise available. Swapping ideas or, as some call it, "brain pinching," is very good business, especially in a motor industry that really does mean to get on with the job. I believe that the real reasons why the attendance declined at this last Show were as follows: (1) The number of folk who can afford to spend ten shillings or a dollar

upon this form of entertainment is not increasing, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Snowden. (2) Many of these would go on the cheaper days, but they are afraid of being pushed and jostled and generally prevented from seeing all that they want. On this occasion there was little overcrowding, thanks to the much larger space available. By the way, the ventilation must also have been much improved, for I do not think I heard a single complaint about a "Show cold." (3) The vast majority of well-known cars, especially of the popular type, had been announced well before Olympia, and the new models were on view in various showrooms up and down the country. It has been proved in the past that people will tumble over one another to

pay five shillings to see what is purely a trade exhibition, always provided that there is some attractively dramatic element about it. Let that element be removed or weakened, and patronage must more or less rapidly fall away. As a matter of fact I believe it has done so to a much greater extent than the official figures might seem to indicate, in this respect that the motor industry or its offshoots and connections is a pretty big thing, and by no means all who have pretty well got to be regularly at the Show get free season tickets. There is just one other point. One of the evening papers came out with a grouse about visitors being pestered to buy. Personally I never saw any sign of this sort of thing, nor apparently did any of my friends. The latter (just to remind them how the point of view can differ) were more inclined to grumble that although there were lots of officials and agents on every stand, it was sometimes quite difficult to get questions answered.

(Continued on p. xxxii)



LIGHT WEIGHTS

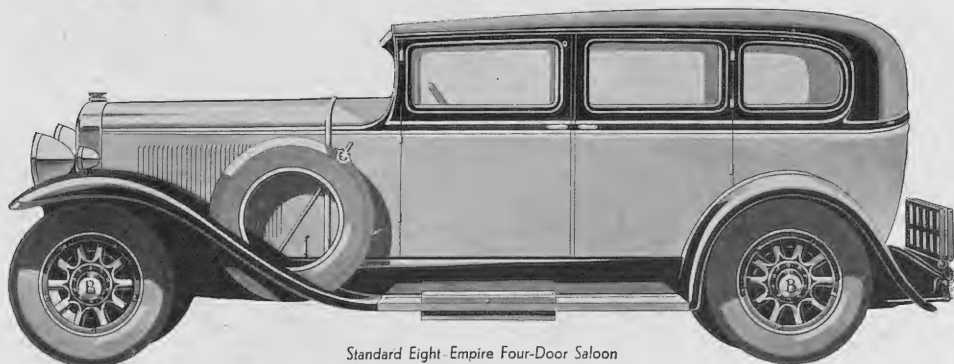
Pennett

Miss Una Kirkwood and Miss Marie Alphand, the youngest daughter of H.E. the French Minister to the Irish Free State, taking turns with the pony at Leixlip Castle, which is M. Charles Alphand's residence. Miss Kirkwood is the young daughter of Major Kirkwood, the Irish Polo International

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



# 8-CYLINDER BUICKS!



Standard Eight Empire Four-Door Saloon

## YET A FOUR-DOOR SALOON COSTS LESS THAN EVER BEFORE

**T**O-DAY the Buick is an eight-cylinder car! An overhead-valve straight-eight—the latest triumph of the engineers with twenty-seven years' continuous experience with the O.H.V. engine. All models are fitted with the new Buick oil temperature regulator to ensure efficient engine performance immediately on starting and to prevent oil overheating at high speeds

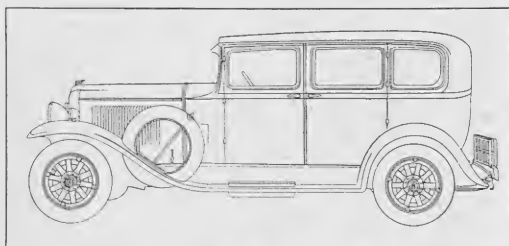
Yet for the first time there is a Buick four-door saloon for less than £400—its engine capable of over 70 m.p.h.; its luxurious Fisher body made on the most modern lines. And, in addition, there are the 30 h.p. Standard "Eight" and the 36 h.p. Master "Eight" with maximum speeds of 75 to 80 m.p.h. Standard and Master models have synchro-mesh transmission for easy gear-changing, and dual carburation.

Test for yourself the fine qualities of the new Buick 8—its quietness, its smoothness. Your local dealer will be pleased to arrange a trial run. All models are obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments. Write for full particulars to General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

### 8 POINTS ABOUT THE BUICK 8

1. 8-cylinder O.H.V. engine.
2. New oil temperature regulator.
3. New intake silencer and air cleaner.
4. Grouped chassis lubrication.
5. Thermostatically-controlled radiator shutters.
6. Three wheelbases and seven models.
7. \*Synchro-mesh transmission.
8. \*Dual carburation.

\* Fitted on Standard and Master models only.



Light Eight Dominion Four-Door Saloon

## THE NEW BUICK 8

27-h.p. *Light Saloon*, wheelbase 114 in. . . £398

30-h.p. *Standard Saloon*, wheelbase 118 in. . . £485

36-h.p. *Master Limousine*, wheelbase 132 in. . . £695

**THE MARQUETTE** the six-cylinder companion to the Buick "Eight," is now priced as follows: Saloon, £295; Fabric Saloon, £315; Fabric Coupé, £315; Tourer, £275.



P. BELLEW.

## GEORGE, THE VACUUM CLEANER

By "DUGONG"

**H**E attached himself, as cats and dogs do, by sidling up outside a northern hotel and steadfastly refusing the gentle invitation to blot himself out of the immediate landscape.

This haunting continued for a day or two when, on being tackled, he admitted three facts: (a) that he was a poor man from the hills; (b) his name was Feroz Khan; and (c) that he wished to be my motor-car cleaner.

Thus "George," as he was rapidly christened, blossomed into our lives. As far as car-cleaning was concerned his mind was a complete vacuum; he had no ideas upon the subject whatsoever. What he did possess, however, and displayed upon every opportune occasion, was a brassy, full-toothed, infectious, and disarming grin.

"Never mind," said Jill brightly, "he'll learn, and he's not in the least sullen."

George learned a lot during the first week, but his learning did not extend beyond a set of fully-fledged choice English oaths. For George had one other attribute which he suddenly loosed upon an unsuspecting world—the iron fist. Usually the iron fist is closely associated with the velvet glove; but in George's case the velvet had moulted—badly.

During that first week he succeeded in screwing up the radiator cap with such vim that it took two hours and a monkey wrench, one cold morning of frost, to get it off to fill the empty radiator; he pulled off the calorimeter by numbers as it were; he wrecked the tyre-pump—never very robust—by wrenching out the piston complete, and eyeing the result like Cortes, with a wild and wondering surmise; his treatment of the windscreen-wiper—which he found interfered with the cleaning of the glass—was superb, consisting simply of going to the root of the matter and removing it.

Before the storms which followed, George merely bowed a meek head and grinned. It was certainly a masterly and baffling manoeuvre, since it invariably elicited from Jill a: "Poor thing, he can't help it, and he's so good-tempered!"

George's good temper was indeed miraculous. I only saw him roused once, upon which occasion a playful *chokra* rolled an iron hoop beneath the approaching car. I yelled, and George, leaping out with a ferocious scowl, caught the young ruffian and soundly cuffed his ears. It cost me a rupee to calm the enraged relatives. I believe George's mental reaction was that there was only one person entitled to damage the sahib's car, and that was George.

We took him to Kashmir. *En route* a puncture in one of the back tyres commanded a halt. George was set a task after his own heart—namely pulling off the luggage. Unfortunately, at a critical moment, he pulled the whole car off the jack, and there we stayed put until the arrival of a charabanc with two spare jacks to hoist us to a level keel again.

We chased the wily trout in one of the Kashmir valleys; and *faute-de-mieux* it was decreed that the car should be left under George's tender care for a week whilst we trekked into the blue. It meant deserting the car in the open under the shelter of a tree. Before we left, the side-curtains—celluloid masterpieces and the joy of Jill's heart—were erected. We commended George to the care of the *lambardar* of the nearest village, and after many exhortations departed.

The fishing proving dud, we returned, tat-weary, a day before schedule. No sign of George, so stepping up, I played a vigorous solo upon the bulb horn.

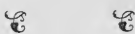
There was a stirring inside and a trowsled head goggled at me. It was George. Two screens showed gaping holes where George's boots had gone through. The interior resembled a doss house. When a door was eventually opened, two chickens, roosting upon the front seat, flew cackling into the air!

Our parting with George was a strained affair. His chit was a masterpiece of ambiguous phrasing. The last act in the drama was a letter from a transport firm requesting the sum of ten rupees for passage of my servant *as arranged*. The italics are mine. George's magnetic grin had worked again!



# FOLLOW THE SUMMER SOUTHWARDS

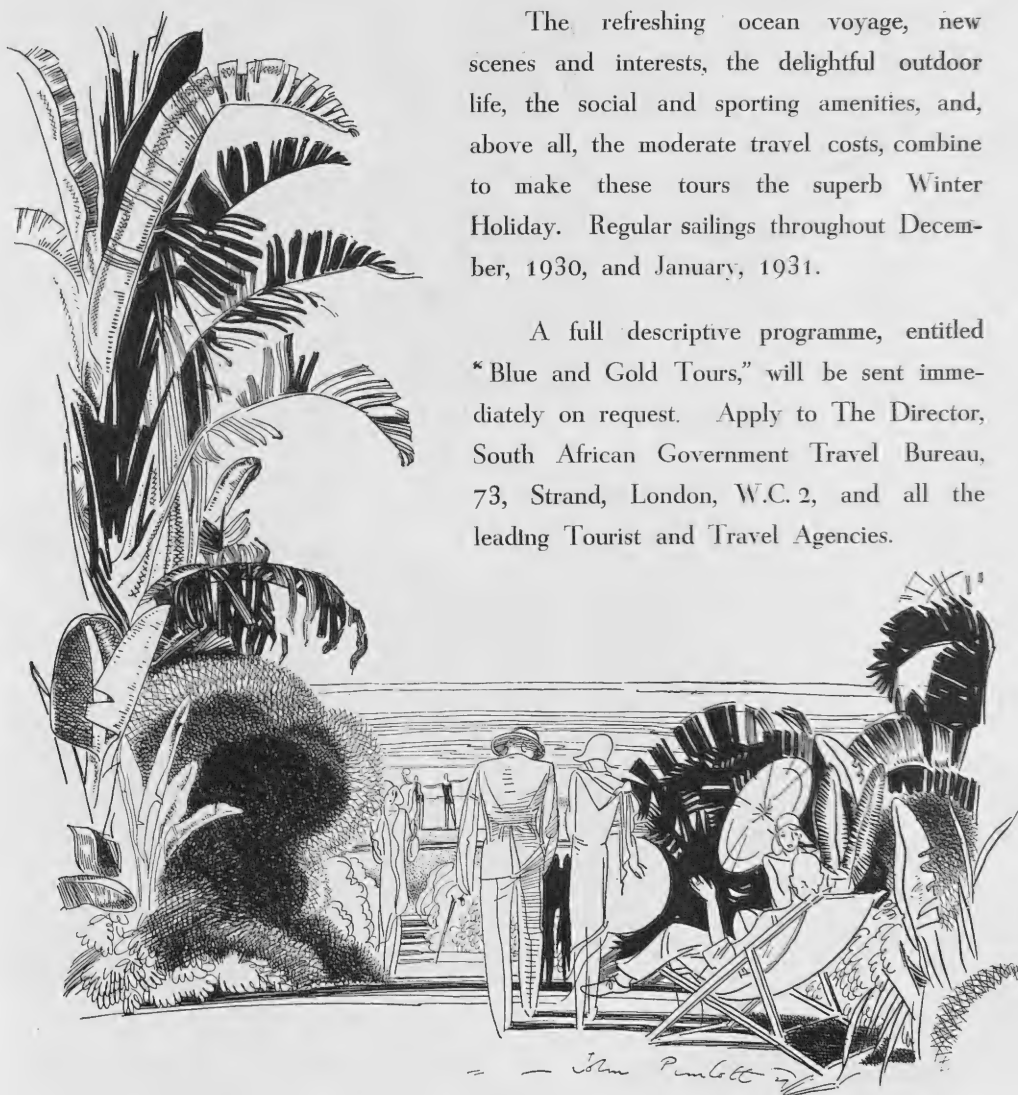
## "BLUE AND GOLD TOURS"



Follow Summer Southwards this Winter on a Blue and Gold Tour to South Africa, the Dominion of Blue Skies, Golden Sunshine and Health.

The refreshing ocean voyage, new scenes and interests, the delightful outdoor life, the social and sporting amenities, and, above all, the moderate travel costs, combine to make these tours the superb Winter Holiday. Regular sailings throughout December, 1930, and January, 1931.

A full descriptive programme, entitled "Blue and Gold Tours," will be sent immediately on request. Apply to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2, and all the leading Tourist and Travel Agencies.





That "sinking" feeling: Mrs. Walter Payne, Mrs. Dudley Charles, Mrs. R. P. S. Waley, and Miss M. F. E. Morrison concentrating on holing-out in one. They all took part in Eve's Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh

## EVE at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

MIDDLESEX did no better in their autumn meeting than the champion County of Surrey had done the day before at Coudsdon Court. Hadley Wood is the sort of course where you feel as if a great score ought to be within your compass. The fairways merit their name; hazards do not obtrude themselves too much into your gaze, though they are easy enough to find if you are really crooked; the greens are large and true and excellent. But there is any amount of slope; distances are not too easy to judge and the net result was that a hundred players on the senior day came away thoroughly defeated by the course. Nobody managed to get within six strokes of par for a scratch prize or within three of it for a handicap. The scratch heroines were Miss Dorea Stanhope and Miss Betty Dix-Perkin, Miss Stanhope taking the tie by virtue of thirty-nine home. The handicap prize went to Miss B. Lewin.

As befitted the retiring captain, Mrs. Walter Payne carried off the scratch aggregate on the Spring and Autumn meetings, so that she leaves her post full of honours and can now concentrate on her own game, while Mrs. McNair wrestles with the none too easy task of captaining the County in her stead. Mrs. McNair has just resigned the honorary editorship of "Fairway and Hazard." Perhaps even the selection of a team may be no harder than the selection of the right contribution to accept or to blue pencil.

Middlesex have plenty of young players who might be turned into first-class golfers with the right encouragement. Miss B. Lewin, who won the handicap prize at Hadley Wood, is apparently one of them; Miss B. Roberts Harris, who did no good is another. Miss Betty Taylor, who swept the board on the second day of the meeting (which was devoted to the longer handicap) is a third; all very young but undoubtedly of the right stuff!

Surrey Bronze Division Meeting grows yearly in popularity, and at Burhill Mrs. Trengrouse won the scratch prize and Mrs. Bateman the Coronation Medal.

Members of Surrey clubs, whether they belong to the County Association or no, value very highly the privilege of playing for the Surrey Challenge Cup at Guildford each year. Merrow Downs is just as good a place now as in the days when "all the tribe of Tegumai" played, whatever was their substitute for golf (or maybe they were too occupied in hunting and commerce to descend to the Royal and Ancient Game). Anyhow Tegumai never saw anything looking much more beautiful than Surrey on that particular day last week. A day of azure distance and flaming foliage, with white clouds piled high in a blue sky casting their shadows so that trees stood out in indigo silhouettes below them, and there was a rainbow to suggest hope to those who were plumbing the depths of misery.

Scoring certainly was indifferent and quite without reason, for the course was in perfect order; the wind by no means excessive; the greens in beautiful condition.

Miss Jean Hamilton had a great day out again as she had at Coudsdon, winning the scratch prize with 81, though actually she relinquished that in favour of the Handicap Challenge Cup, which is the *raison d'être* of the meeting. Her '79 net—three above the par of the green—was good enough scoring considering that there was rather a breakdown at the 15th and 16th. Miss Doris Chambers, competing by virtue of her Camberley membership, had disasters going out, but came home most brilliantly in 37 and filled second scratch place with 83.

The Parliamentary had a very delightful day at Wentworth and some really good golf. Everybody always agrees that at 75 Wentworth is parred stiffer than almost any other course in Surrey, but the Parliamentary Ladies made light of it, for did not Lady Rosebery win the handicap with 87—19=68. She is certainly a long player for her handicap, but the main point of the story was that the putts were racing in from all quarters of those fast and difficult greens. There was, for instance, a three at the third as well as at the fourth hole. Out in 40, three's did certainly evade Lady Rosebery at the incoming short holes, and the magnificence of her score betrayed her into a sickly seven at the last hole, but it was most excellent going. So was Lady Betty Butler's 89—15=74, which was second in the handicap list, whilst there was

(Continued on p. xviii)



Miss Wanda Morgan, one of the last eight in the English championship. She was Miss Fishwick's partner in the Autumn Foursomes



Jan Smith

The Aberdeenshire team which was concerned in the closing stages of the Scottish County Championship. Left to right: Mrs. D. R. Macdonald, Miss Nan Forbes, Mrs. A. A. Davidson, Miss C. Lyon, Mrs. W. Mellis, Miss K. M. Cochrane (captain), Mrs. D. A. Davidson, and Mrs. Edwards





## A severe test for the Complexion -

*but - an easy one with Pond's*

Winter Sports — strenuous — exhilarating — temporary life in a rarefied atmosphere—snow—brilliant sunshine—winds—how trying for the complexion! How to keep the skin soft, smooth and supple, free from blemish and young-looking is something of a problem for those uninitiated in the artifice of women famed throughout the country for their almost perpetual beauty

Whatever the weather conditions, Pond's Complete Method of Skin Care will afford your complexion adequate protection. The four steps that comprise this treatment are indeed all that is necessary to cleanse the skin of all impurities, to invigorate and tone-up flagging tissues, to ward off blemishes, redness and roughness and to feed the skin, keeping it delightfully peach-like, "young" and fine of texture.



### *Cold Cream*

Smooth the *Pond's Cold Cream* on the skin of face, neck, and hands, and let its pure oils sink deep into the pores, softening and floating to the surface the tiny accumulations of impurity which gather beyond the reach of soap and water.

### *Cleansing Tissues*

Wipe away the soiled cream with *Pond's Cleansing Tissues*—soft as gossamer, and far more convenient, absorbent, and economical than ordinary face-towels; simply discard them after use.

### *Skin Freshener*

A brisk splashing with *Pond's Skin Freshener* closes the pores, tones up the skin, and removes the last traces of oiliness. No careful toilet is complete without this gloriously exhilarating preparation.

### *Vanishing Cream*

The final touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* gives the skin a beautiful surface to which the powder clings evenly and lastingly.



### COUPON

Name .....

Address .....

Please send me a dainty box containing samples of *Pond's Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Vanishing Cream*, for which I enclose Postal Order or stamps for 6d.

Post to POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 103 ), 103 St. John St., London, E.C. 1.

# POND'S

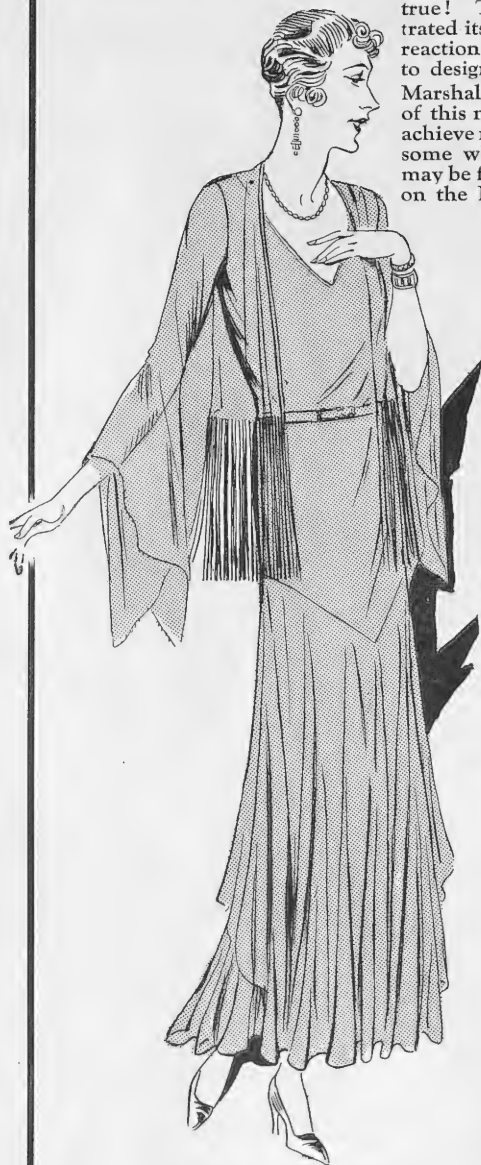
## COMPLETE METHOD OF SKIN CARE

Obtainable from all Chemists and  
Drug Stores.

# Autres Temps, Autres Moeurs,

How very trite, but all the same how exceptionally true! The immediate Post-War period concentrated its energies in design on Youth, but now the reaction has set in and special care is being taken to design clothes suitable for older women.

Marshall & Snelgrove are as ever in the forefront of this movement and are showing results which achieve much approval from the Elders. These are some which are really most elegant, and others may be found at the same price in the Department on the First Floor.



EVENING DRESS WITH COAT in good quality georgette; frock with new ankle length skirt; well-cut coat, trimmed fringe dyed to tone. In white, black, wine and lido.

PRICE 6 Gns.  
Large sizes 21/- extra.



Sent on approval.



COAT AND DRESS of velvet appliqued ninon, suitable for afternoon or evening wear. In black, wine, lido and blue. Stock size only.

PRICE 6 Gns.

RING VELVET TWO-PIECE: well-cut dress suitable for bridge or evening wear; attractive coat finished with collar of white fur. Stocked in two sizes in black only.

PRICE 6 Gns.  
Large sizes 21/- extra.

## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(Debenhams Ltd.)

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1



# A REVIEW of WINTER SPORTS KIT



*Still going strong are Burberrys' winter sports outfits for men and women; proofed gabardine has been used for the suit on the left and burella for the model on the right. These fabrics are wind-proof, snow-proof, and self-ventilating, therefore the wearers never become overheated. A parade of Winter Sports Fashions will take place from the 17th to the 21st in these salons in the Haymarket, when it will be demonstrated that utility and smartness may go hand in hand*

Picture by Blake



THE PURE WOOL  
FABRIC WITH A  
QUALITY AND BEAUTY  
QUITE ITS OWN

British-made Jaska is a great achievement. It combines the sleek character of a woven cloth with the serviceable qualities of a knitted fabric, and although fully shrunk it is exquisitely soft, like the most expensive Kashmir. For an ensemble of distinctive individuality choose Jaska, in plain tones and alluring modern designs. See the autumn patterns—at principal stores.



## ● WHERE TO SEE JASKA

LONDON : Marshall & Snelgrove Ltd.  
Wooland Bros. Ltd.  
EDINBURGH : Jenners Ltd.  
MANCHESTER : Kendal Milne & Co.  
GLASGOW : McDonalds Ltd.

AYR : Hoursfon & Sons  
BATH : Jolly & Son Ltd.  
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BELFAST : Robinson & Cleaver Ltd.  
BIRMINGHAM :  
Marshall & Snelgrove Ltd.  
BRISTOL : Jolly & Son Ltd.  
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NEWCASTLE : H. Binns Son & Co. Ltd.



# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

Across the Channel are the glorious Alps waiting to be clad in their winter dress of snow and brilliant sunshine, an ideal background for the sombre snits of the ski-runners as well as for the gay colourings adopted by the skating enthusiasts. Life there in the course of the next few weeks will be one long thrill—ski-ing, tobogganing, lugeing, and skating by day, to say nothing of dancing at night.

Waterproof raiment is necessary for tobogganing, and ski-ing, as the snow clings to anything that is woollen, the fashionable colours being bottle-green, raven's-wing blue, and black. Trousers are generally worn as they allow freedom for the knees. Coats are medium length, and are reinforced with belt and pockets with flaps to button over. Wool underclothing is a necessity, also pull-overs.



Ells  
Fulton.

check silk blouse and suede sleeveless jumper

The skating frock with black pleated skirt and flared jacket of Chanel jersey comes from Leathercraft of Berkeley Street, and so does the one with the sunray pleated skirt with

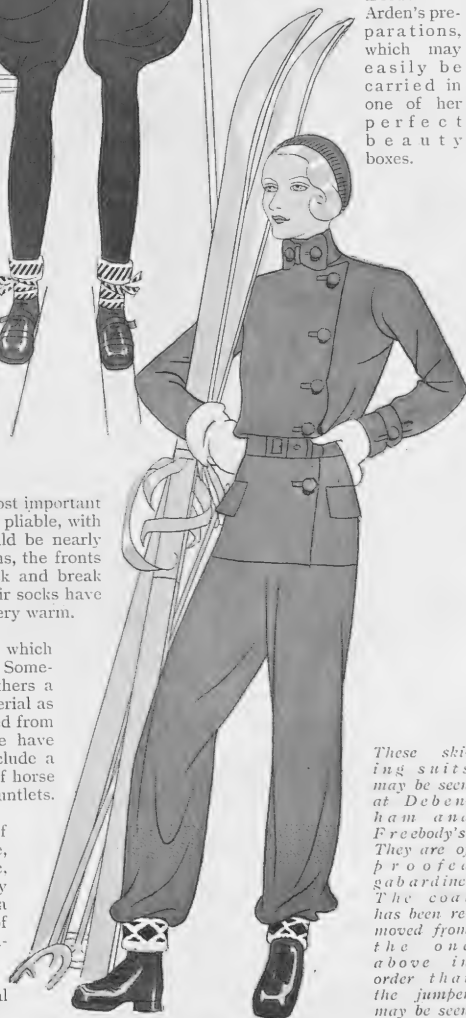
It has been stated that the ski boot is the most important part of the kit. It should be strong and pliable, with the uppers cut well forward; the welts should be nearly square to ensure perfect fitting to the toe-irons, the fronts should be plain and high, and the welts thick and break just in front of the ball of the foot. Goat-hair socks have much to be said in their favour as they are very warm.

Headgear is another accessory to which consideration must be given. Sometimes a felt hat is chosen, while at others a cap with a peak made of the same material as the coat. As the eyes must be protected from the glare of the sun goggles likewise have a part to play. It is advisable to include a Balaclava helmet. Gloves should be of horse hide or proofed gabardine with long gauntlets.

Skating demands outfits of a totally different genre, a skirt of a proofed fabric, short but full to allow plenty of freedom for action, and a woolley set in the gayest of colours, the scheme being completed with caps and scarfs. A new note is struck by a check silk shirt and a practical sleeveless suede cardigan.

Properly fitting boots and skates are absolutely indispensable. The ideal boot has flat heels and a sole of moderate thickness, with a narrow welt bevelled on the underside, uppers of strong but pliable leather, which can easily be moulded to the ankles. Snow-boots for wearing over ordinary boots or shoes as a protection against the snow are to be very strongly recommended.

Fancy dresses must not be overlooked, as there are dances at night not only at the hotels but on the illuminated links. The bracing winds and brilliant sunshine are not good for the skin; it becomes tired and weary and demands the attention of Elizabeth Arden's preparations, which may easily be carried in one of her perfect beauty boxes.



These skiing suits may be seen at Debenhams and Freebody's. They are of proofed gabardine. The coat has been removed from the one above in order that the jumper may be seen

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

COMFORT  
& CHARM

Every school-girl  
would like to own this  
proofed gabardine  
wintersports suit with  
the practical zyp  
fasteners. At Harrods  
(Knightsbridge)

The alliance of waistcoat  
and trousers has proved a  
success. Lillywhites (Pic-  
cadilly, W.) complete the  
scheme with a plain coat





## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

# SMART SNOW SUITS



*This neat ski-ing suit of proofed gabardine, with high collar and cap to match, comes from Selfridge's, Oxford Street, W. It is admirably tailored*

*A new note has been struck by H. J. Nicoll, 120, Regent Street, in this skating coat, beret, and gloves. They are expressed in camel-hair cloth*



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued.

ELEGANT  
SIMPLICITY

BLAKE

Snow cannot cling to, neither wind nor damp can penetrate, the sturdy triple-proof fabrics of which Dexter ski-ing suits are made. They may be seen at Forsyth's Regent Street, W. The Davos model is pictured on the right; the coat has a fly front and is straight fitting; the trousers, of the pantaloon style; are ankle length, fastening with buttons and elastic instep, in black and white check with black collar and cuffs; it is 8 guineas. There are variations on this theme. The man's Dexter ski-ing suit is smart and workmanlike, an alliance that is difficult of attainment, nevertheless unmistakable when achieved



Models, Forsyth

Pictures by Blake



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*L'AIMANT*—Magnetism incarnate. De luxe flacons 15/6 and 32/6, 1 oz. flacon 10/-,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. 6/-,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. 3/9.

*L'ORIGAN*—Expression of elegance. Presentation flacon 18/6, 1 oz. flacon 10/-,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. 6/-,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. 3/9.

*'PARIS'*—Gaiety and joyousness. Presentation flacon 18/6, 1 oz. flacon 10/-,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. 6/-,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. 3/9.

*CHYPRE*—For exotic, intense natures. Presentation flacon 18/6, 1 oz. flacon 10/-,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. 6/-,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. 3/9.

*L'EMERAUDE*—As brilliant and as fascinating as an emerald. Presentation flacon 20/-, 1 oz. flacon 10/-,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. 6/-,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. 3/9.

All toilet creations in these odours.

*Coty*

Sold in  
the smartest  
shops

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



# UTILITY SPORTSWEAR



Models, Army and Navy Stores and Fortnum and Mason



*It is impossible to be efficient in figure-skating unless the equipment is correct. Everything that the enthusiast in winter sports can desire may be obtained at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W.; to this firm must be given the credit of the skating outfit on the left. The jumper and gloves are a study in orange and black, while the skirt is of proofed gabardine; the wool cap and scarf are cleverly united. The admirably cut ski-ing suit on the right comes from Fortnum and Mason, the sports outfitters, Piccadilly, W.; it is carried out in marine blue gabardine, the beret being of angora*

Pictures by Blake  
viii





# Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes



*"It's the Tobacco that Counts"*

NCC 746<sup>A</sup>

## GILT-EDGE INVESTMENTS

## Natural Daylight.

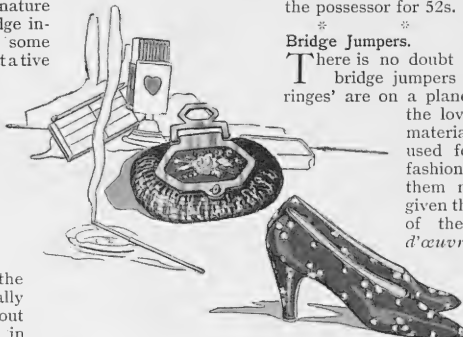
That favourite shopping rendezvous, Gorrings in the Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., has been completely metamorphosed, and despite its ancient lineage is as modern as it can possibly be. In accordance with its tradition, the personal element is retained, and every shopper receives individual care and attention. Natural daylight has been introduced everywhere. The Fabric Hall, with its imposing avenue and glass roof, is unique; every kind of material may there be obtained; the cunning of an artist's hand is plainly discernible in the arrangements of the materials and the colour schemes. As a matter of fact everything in these salons is in the nature of a gilt-edge investment; some representative attractions that are primarily destined for bridge players are reproduced on this page.



Here is an admirable exponent of sophisticated simplicity. It is of felt relieved with touches of blue georgette. It comes from Gorrings' in the Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

## Hats and Bags.

There is a wonderful fascination about the bérêt pictured on the left; it is really quite the newest version and is carried out in black felt—note the becoming manner in which it comes down on one side, and the scalloped edge. Pleated blue georgette is introduced in the crown, and of it one may



The bridge enthusiast will welcome this moiré bag and crêpe de chine shoes enriched with Beauvais embroidery. At Gorrings', Buckingham Palace Road

become the possessor for 4½ guineas. There is an envelope pochette to match. The bag in the centre of the page is an ideal bridge bag as it will lie quite flat on the table; it is of black moiré enriched with Beauvais embroidery; it is 59s. 6d. In this connection it must be mentioned that this firm make a feature of bags for 10s. and 20s.; they alone are well worth a visit to view. The black crêpe-de-chine shoes illustrated are likewise enriched with Beauvais embroidery, and of these one may become the possessor for 52s. 6d.

## Bridge Jumpers.

There is no doubt that the bridge jumpers at Gorrings' are on a plane apart; the loveliest of materials are used for their fashioning. To them must be given the credit of the *chef d'œuvre* seen on the right. It is expressed in silver and black brocade, glorious colours being present in the border. The frills are of black satin.



This perfectly cut bridge jumper is carried out in silver and black brocade, glorious colours being present in the border. The frills are of black satin. Gorrings' Modernized Salons

pressed in silver and black brocade, glorious colours being present in the border; the scheme is completed with frills of black satin.



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Diamonds.  
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Diamonds.  
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959A

## Pictures in the Fire

Continued from p. 270

M.F.H. who is ageing rapidly as a result of the grouching of his field, go up and slap him on the back—hard—and say: "Look here, you are only half the blanky swine people say you are—so *buck up!*" He is sure to think you a very nice person, and reply in suitable terms.

*On a Good Hiding to Nothing.*—What is meant by this is that there are certain circumstances in which you are bound to say the wrong thing whether the answer be "yes" or "no." An example: A, a lady with incipient goitre but very romantic, and given to singing love-songs about "If it be seen Oh Gard in Heaven above, no answer can I make but that I love! I love," button-holes B (a well-meaning anthropoid ape) out hunting, after she has just had the spray of the M.F.H.'s ire for riding in his pocket. A says to B: "Of course Charles is always so nasty to me because I'm not *that* sort of girl!" (The M.F.H.'s name is Charles and he is said to be fond of crossing the redsands at the gallop.) If B answers, looking hard at her goitre, as he is bound to do: "No, of course not!" his name will be mud; if, on the other hand, B says "Oh don't be as pessimistic as all that!" it is more than likely that he will find he is in the soup just the same.

Whether the study of Equitation and Fox-hunting can be carried any further at the moment, and whether anyone can be taught to be a Scalded Cat *on paper*, I am a bit dubious; but any further suggestions for the pursuit of knowledge in one of the most difficult of the applied sciences: "How (and Where) To Sit At The Jumps" will be given my most careful attention. The Law Directory, or List, whatever it may be called, is not a very good *Who's Who* as it does not give you much



AT IRELAND'S RACING HEADQUARTERS

Sir Timothy O'Brien and Lady Dorothie Moore at the Curragh races, a fixture which Sir Timothy rarely misses. Lady Dorothie is the wife of Captain Moore of Moorsfort, and hunts ardently with the "Gallant Tipps." In his younger days Sir Timothy O'Brien was one of Ireland's most notable cricketers

about the past form of solicitors, such as "Ed: at Eton," "Recreations, gardening, and all kindred sports," but almost any solicitor can make your will for you before you go out to the fox-hunt.

I regret very deeply to learn of the death of Miss A. M. F. Cole, who was for so many years connected with the R.S.P.C.A. in the work against the export of horses for slaughter, and who since severing her connection with that organization had been hon. manager of the International League Against the Export of Horses for Butchery. Miss Cole was absolutely fearless, and she gave her life to this work which was so near her heart. Personally I can speak of an association with her which dates back about ten or twelve years, and no language can express adequately the respect I had for her and my great admiration of her courage. I think, lest it may be imagined that Miss Cole's work has died with her, a list of the people who are at the head of the International League Against the Export of Horses for Butchery may be usefully published. Here it is—Patrons: The Viscountess Bertie of Thame, the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, the Lady Constance Gore, Commandatore Leonard Hawksley, Frances, Countess of Warwick, the Lord Wharton, the Lady Wharton. President: Monsieur Jules Ruhl; Hon. manager: the late Miss A. M. F. Cole; Executive Committee: Ernest Bell, M.A., Miss A. M. F. Cole, the Lady Cory, Miss Sylvia Grieson, the Hon. Elizabeth Kemys-Tynte, Miss Katherine O'Leary, Dr. Brisco Owen, Miss L. Stevenson. Hon. treasurer: Ernest Bell, M.A.; Hon. secretaries: Miss Katherine O'Leary, Miss L. Stevenson; Hon. parliamentary secretary: The Hon. Elizabeth Kemys-Tynte; Secretary: Miss S. Baum.

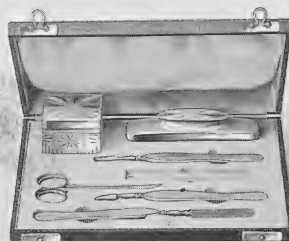
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ASPREY  
Est'd 1781

London



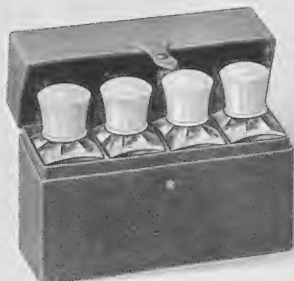
Shagreen Manicure Case.  
Ivory and Gilt Fittings.  
8. 15. 0



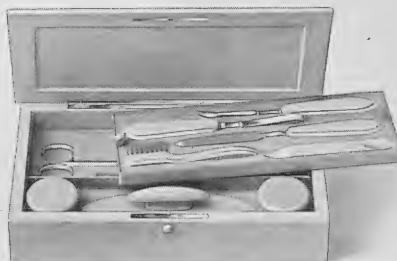
Leather Manicure Case,  
with Enamel and Silver-gilt Fittings.  
Various colours.  
7. 17. 6



Silver-gilt Manicure Box,  
with Enamelled Fittings to match.  
14. 5. 0  
In various colours.



Pigskin Leather Case.  
Fitted 4 Cut Glass Bottles, with  
Ivory Tops.  
6. 15. 0



Solid Ivory Manicure Box, with  
Ivory Fittings.  
24. 0. 0



Pigskin Travelling Vanity Case.  
Fitted 3 Enamel-topped Cream Jars,  
and 4 Enamel-topped Bottles.  
12. 15. 0

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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The following is the list of Judges at our Members' Show on December 4: Alsations, Mrs. Bence; Borzois, Mr. Guy; Irish Wolfhounds and Deerhounds, Mrs. Barr; Bull Mastiffs, Foreign Dogs, Lhasa Terriers, Kerry Blue Terriers, Dachshunds (smooth and wire), Major Reynell; Elkhounds and Keeshonds, Mr. Holmes; Salukis, Samoyeds, Afghans, Bloodhounds, and Collies, Mr. Croxton-Smith; Irish Setters and English Springers, Mr. Lee Buller; Labradors, and Fox, Scottish and Sealyham Terriers, Mr. McCandlish; O.E. Sheepdogs, Greyhounds, Schipperkes, Maltese, and Griffons, Mrs. Carlo Clarke; Dalmatians, Mr. Greenwood; Cocker, Mr. Shakespeare; Chows, Mrs. Armstrong; Poodles, Mr. Crouch; Bulldogs, Mr. Roger Boulton; Airedale, Border, Dandie, Bedlington, and Yorkshire Terriers, King Charles, Japanese, and Papillons, Mr. Percy Smith; Bull Terriers, Dr. Vevvers; Cairns, Hon. Mary Hawke; West Highlanders, Mrs. Thornton; French Bulldogs, Miss Bruce; Pekingese, Mrs. Noble; Poms, Miss Wilson; Black and Tans, Mrs. Blondin Robiolio; Pugs, Mr. Gowring. The schedules will be sent out about November 2, and it is hoped all members will try and make the Show a success. We are all now so used to going to the Crystal Palace, we go there so often, and it is just a



KOTTAGE BOGEY AND AMEENA  
OF AYOT

The property of Mrs. Ames

dull time of year when a comparatively small one-day show makes a nice break.

There is such a plethora of shows in the summer, it is no change; but December is such a dull month it is pleasant to have an excuse to meet each other and see each other's dogs.



JAPANESE PUPPIES

The property of Miss Gertrude Savile

There is always a friendly informality about our Members' Show which makes it go cheerfully.

It has been decided to bring the matter of a dinner up at the General Meeting and ascertain the wishes of our members on the subject. A dinner in the early spring would also form a pleasant interlude.

I have the following from a member: "Would any dog-lover look after a wire fox terrier on any ship going to India during November. The owner has to travel by troopship and is not allowed to take the dog with her. She would pay all expenses, and the dog would be met at Bombay, and she would be pleased to give a pedigree puppy in January to anyone for their kindness." She would be much obliged if anyone who would do this would let her know at once, as time is short.

Mrs. Ames sends a delightful photograph of her famous bloodhound, Kottage Bogey, and her Saluki, Ameena of Ayot. Picnicking Bogey is doing very well at the shows just now.

I have a letter from Miss Savile enclosing a snap of some of her delightful Jap puppies. Miss Savile needs no introduction to readers of these notes, nor do her dogs. She would like to find good homes for some of these before the winter; they are two months old and bred from Miss Savile's famous strain. She writes: "I sent two to Paris by Airways recently, and I hear that they are very happy and settled. They were just 2½ hours going from Croydon." Will anyone interested write direct to Miss Gertrude Savile, Sunnycroft, Clint, Ripley, Harrogate?

Mrs. Gatacre sends a photograph of two of her keeshonds. The one on the right is for sale; he is a beautiful dog, a prizewinner, over distemper, trained to the house, perfectly reliable with children, and very good-looking. Mrs. Gatacre would take a reasonable price for a country home. She is only parting from him as he does not like life in a kennel, and as Mrs. Gatacre said, "I can't have them all in the house."



KEESHONDS

The property of Miss Gatacre

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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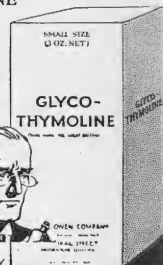
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## "White Label"

## WEDDINGS AND



MISS A. CLINTON-THOMAS

Whose marriage to Captain E. L. P. Gilpin, the son of the late Mr. Purcell Gilpin, will take place in Calcutta this month

Norwich; on the 18th, Mr. Angelo Martin Edward Menko is marrying Miss Aileen Muriel Henrietta Cattell at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens; Mr. A. P. Curzon-Howe and Miss Joan Lewis are being married on the 26th at All Saints', Crondall; and on the next day Dr. Miles Talbot Brockman and Miss Sarah Ilderton Jenkins are to be married at St. Mary's, South Stoneham.

## Recently Engaged.

Lieut.-Commander Ronald Crawford Wagstaffe Bett, R.N., the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crawford Bett, and Miss Violet Laline St. John Rich, the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Charles E. F. Rich, D.S.O., of His Majesty's Prison Service, and Mrs. Rich; Captain Cyril Cameron Rice, the East Yorkshire Regiment and Gold Coast Regiment, R.W.A.F.F., the second son of Mr. E. W. Rice of Cape Town, South Africa, and Miss Constance Quilliam, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Quilliam of Winscombe, Somerset; the Rev. Francis Frederick Guy Warman, the elder son of

## An Apology.

In our issue of October 22, the photographs of Miss Aileen Clinton-Thomas and Mrs. V. R. Ullman were used with the wrong captions. We wish to tender our apologies for the annoyance caused by this mistake.

## This Month.

Mr. Stuart Cozens-Hardy Boardman and Miss Monica May Wells have fixed November 15 for their wedding in the Cathedral.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER AND MRS.  
J. H. B. HERBERT

Who were married recently. Lieut.-Commander Herbert is the youngest son of the Rev. J. Lloyd and Mrs. Herbert, and his wife was Miss Constance Ledger, and is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ledger of New Zealand

## ENGAGEMENTS



MRS. V. R. ULLMAN

the Bishop of Manchester and Mrs. Warman, and Miss Kathleen Olive Phillips, the only daughter of the late Mr. Oliver of Coventry; Mr. John Ariel Ledger Hill, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Ledger Hill of Spursholt House, Romsey, Hants, and Miss Sheila Hill, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hill of 37, Draycott Place, S.E., and Great Orchard, Bignor, Pulborough, Sussex; Mr. Frederick Lewis Boyd, the 7th Rajput

Regiment, the second son of Major John Boyd and Mrs. Boyd of Bushey, Herts, and Miss Helen Marie Palmer, the only daughter of the late Mr. C. Lucey Palmer of Newmarket and Mrs. Palmer, of Bushey, Herts; Captain J. E. M. Richard, the Black Watch, the younger son of Mr. W. Miller Richard of Clarendon, Linlithgow, and Miss Gaynor Woosnam, the younger daughter of the late Canon Woosnam and of Mrs. Woosnam of Aberhafesp Hall, Newtown, Montgomeryshire; Captain Herbert Pott, M.V.O., Royal Navy, and Miss Mary Grant, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. S. Grant of Knockie Lodge, Inverness; Mr. Herbert Frank Williams-Green, 2nd Lancers (Gardner's Horse), younger son of Mr. W. Williams-Green and Mrs. Williams-Green of Roscrea Penarth, Glamorganshire, and Miss Evelyn Margaret (Peggy) Vaughan Neale, the eldest daughter of the Rev. James Neale and Mrs. Neale of The Vicarage, Hulme Walfield, Congleton, Cheshire.



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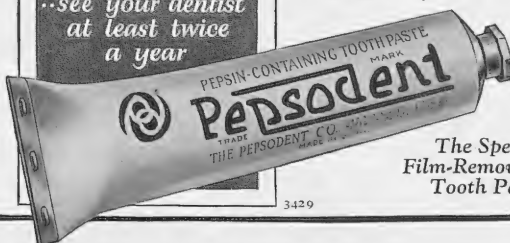
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a year



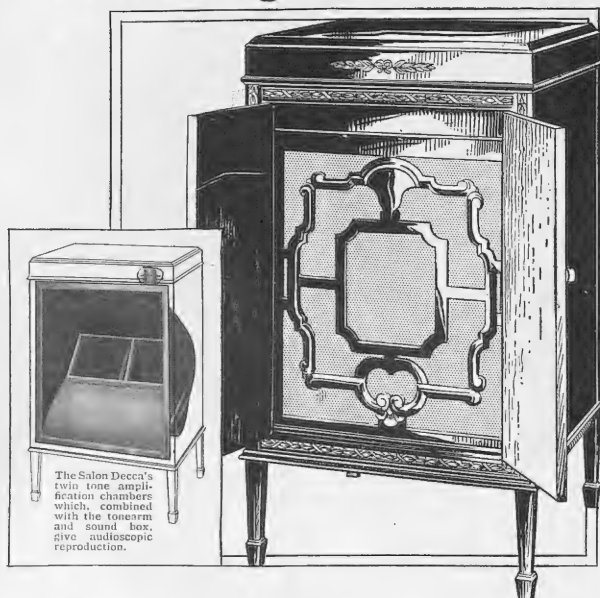
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rosids

## RUGBY RAMBLINGS—continued from p. 272

brilliant in the loose, and can tackle. Not every quick-breaking forward can do that; it is quite amusing to see some of them miss their man time after time.

G. M. Sladen, who played centre for England against Wales, Ireland, and Scotland in 1929, was below form last season, largely as the result of injury. He is now quite fit again, and moreover has resumed his old position at stand-off half, where he has been doing great things. It was at the wish of the selectors that he first went into the centre, where he did a lot of valuable work, especially in the tackling department. But the other is his real position, and there he is a genuine match-winner, of whom there are none too many to be found in these days.

The Universities are ably discharging their duty to the Rugby public and have given various cheerful and care-free exhibitions on sundry London grounds. It would be rash at the moment to say that either was favourite for the big event at Twickenham, and both have their supporters. Perhaps Oxford were a little quicker in settling down, the Light Blues having a good deal of difficulty with their back division, especially in the matter of the stand-off half. L. H. Collison is easily the best man they have, but the trouble is that he is also their best centre.

There was quite a good crowd to see the Cantabs play Richmond the other day, but the spectators were disappointed to find that H. E. Carris was not playing. He took the line however and gave the crowd full value for their money by appearing in the most extreme variety of "plus-fours." Nothing like them have ever been seen at Richmond before.

"LINE-OUT."



Ian Smith

## ALL READY FOR THE FUN

A group taken at Captain Collingwood's house at Cornhill-on-Tweed, where the North Northumberland Hounds had their opening meet. Left to right: Lieut-Colonel the Hon. H. E. Joicey, Lady Joan Joicey, Mrs. Menzies, M.F.H. (Berwickshire), Mrs. Collingwood, Captain Collingwood, Mr. Menzies, and Mrs. Scott Briggs.

## EVE AT GOLF—continued from p. 278

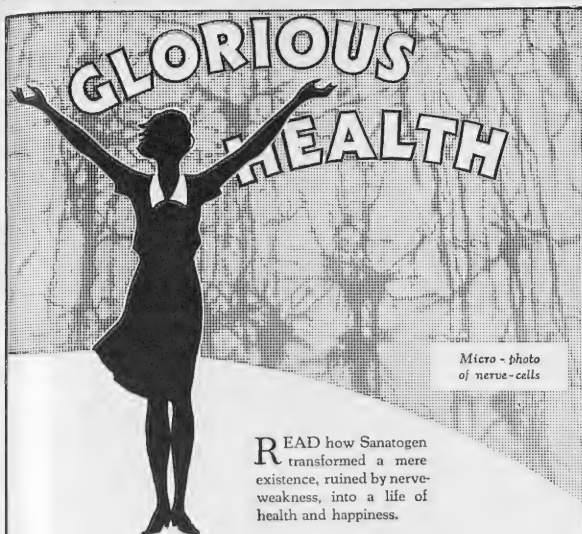
also an outstanding round for the scratch prize—Lady Alness round in 78, 40 out, and 38 home. Mrs. T. H. Harker won the second scratch prize with 83, her 39 home being a fine performance.

Lady Rosebery won the aggregate of Spring and Autumn meetings with 77+68=145, Miss Martin Smith, Mrs. Anson, and Lady Betty Butler being second, but a long way behind, with 155 all.

Lady Alness was in great form again in the foursomes, she and Miss Dorea Stanhope winning them at one down.

But the exciting thing about the day was that we know now how Mrs. R. O. Porter, the English championship runner-up member of Wentworth, contracted that dear little dance on her toes which she executes before each long shot. After lunch the members of the Parliamentary gathered round the fire and the coffee cups, while in the centre of the floor a class of a dozen dear little girls were going through dancing exercises, first standing on their dear little toes and then giving a little jig with their dear little heels. All the while a dear little tune jingled out from the piano, and the next thing was that the Parliamentary ladies were also jiggling on their toes (even if these cannot be called dear or little). Just like Mrs. Porter does. Small causes may have large effects.

There were no such divertissements at Oxhey for the United Services, nor could they show such wonderful scoring. But they had a delightful day of it and a record entry. Miss I. Doxford won the scratch prize with 84, Mrs. Farquharson the 1st Division handicap with 86—6=80. In the division for handicaps of eleven and over Miss Fergusson, who did so much for the Association in its young days, won the scratch prize with 88, Mrs. Stephens, the first handicap with 94—14=80, she and Mrs. Scott also winning the foursomes with all square.



Micro - photo  
of nerve-cells

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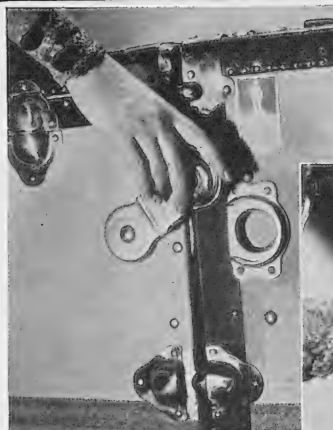
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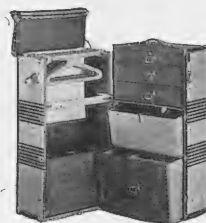
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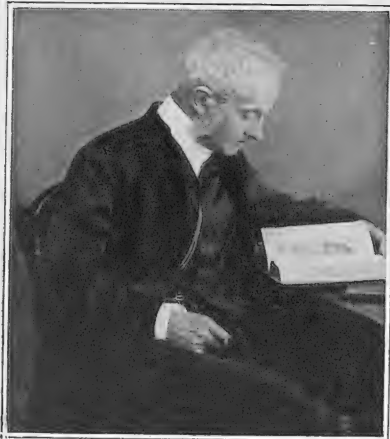
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A PORTRAIT OF DEAN STANLEY  
OF WESTMINSTER

## "That Body-Snatcher, Stanley," of Westminster. New Victorian Pictures

By HECTOR BOLITHO

(Author, with the Dean of Windsor, of the new "Life of Dean Stanley," to be published in November)

FIVE years ago I shared the prejudice of my generation and thought the Victorians were dull, heavy hypocrites. But it has been my delight during the past year to read many new letters, written by Dean Stanley of Westminster, and just as I have discovered in him a jolly and delightful cleric so I have found out that my generation is completely wrong

in its conception of the Victorians in their stuffy rooms with their background of Landseers and wax flowers.

Stanley was born in the Regency and he died in the forty-fourth year of the Queen's reign. He was at Rugby with Arnold and "Tom Brown," and his early letters show him taking Mrs. Arnold in to dinner and Arnold saying, "Oh, you must read 'Humphrey Clinker.'" And then, Arnold and Wordsworth in the Lake District, Wordsworth "an old man with silver-grey hair and rather untidily dressed . . . he looks rather like a farmer, is quite old, about sixty. . . . The only evening on which I saw him he gave me the idea of a pleasant old gentleman, was not dictatorial, and did not engross the conversation."

Stanley's father was Bishop of Norwich, and there was a day when he surprised his people by inviting Jenny Lind to stay with them at the Palace. There was a "clamour raised against him for having invited an opera singer to the Palace."

But Jenny Lind did not shock them. Stanley wrote, "Conceive a young girl having now for ten years lived in this whirlwind of enthusiasm and applause and yet apparently not in the least spoiled by it and always retiring to the last place like a servant or a child. . . . Even the poor people speak of her as 'the good lady.'"

Stanley loved places with interesting associations and he loved also to observe the great—but it was human interest and no love of lions which made him climb on a friend's back in Paris, to see Lamartine in the Tribune, after the revolution. "His very aristocratic appearance—a perfect gentleman, the one gentleman of the set."

Stanley's association with the Royal Family began in 1862, when he went to the Holy Land with the Prince of Wales. The Prince Consort was dead by then and Stanley returned to England to find himself coming more and more into the confidence of the Queen. When he stayed at Osborne, she told him of the early years of her reign, of Lord Melbourne who was "very useful to me, but I can never be sufficiently thankful that I passed safely through those two years to my marriage. Then I was in a safe haven, and there I remained for twenty years. Now that is over, and I am again at sea, always wishing to consult one who is not here, broken, by myself, with a constant sense of desolation."

He gives, too, a picture of Queen Alexandra in the first weeks of her marriage to the Prince of Wales. He went to Sandringham to preach to them on Easter Sunday. "The Princess was more charming and beautiful" than even he had expected. "On the evening of Easter Eve, the Princess came to me in a corner of the drawing-room, with her Prayer Book, and I went through the Communion service with her, explaining the peculiarities and the likenesses and differences to and from the Danish service. She was most simple and fascinating."

It was in this year also that Stanley married the Queen's favourite lady-in-waiting, Lady Augusta Bruce. She had lived intimately in the Court and her marriage distressed the Queen, but it aroused the interest of all the Princesses. "It is very funny that you are going to be married," little Princess Beatrice wrote to Stanley, and with his marriage he went as Dean to Westminster.

(Continued on p. 331)



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Stanley was a champion of lost causes. His liberal views were strange and new in a generation of intellectual prejudices. Pusey, who had been his enemy in theology at Oxford, was one of the first men he invited to preach at Westminster. "I do not know what single truth we hold in common," Pusey answered. He would have liked to preach, but he said "I dare not."

It was Queen Victoria herself who described the Dean as "that body-snatcher, Arthur Stanley." The description was inspired by the zeal with which he approached every tomb in the Abbey. It was through him that many new discoveries were made, and it was through him that the bones of James I were discovered in the tomb of Henry VII. He wrote, "After much pushing the wall suddenly yielded, an aperture was found, and there, in the most majestic tranquility lay, side by side, the two dark-grey leaden coffins of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, and a shade newer and lighter, James I." The Archbishop of Canterbury was with him when he made this discovery, and we have a picture of Stanley saying to the others, "Stand back! Stand back! And let the first Scottish Archbishop [Tait] look upon the first Scottish King of England."

It was Stanley who walked through the Abbey with the Shah of Persia, who described St. Paul's as "the efflorescence of architecture," and Westminster Abbey as "the kernel." The Shah "showed no knowledge of the philosophers or poets . . . had not heard of Newton and Shakespeare, had heard of Palmerston." The Queen was delighted with the Shah, "and took him all over the castle herself."

He was one of the many famous people who crowded to Windsor for the marriage of the Prince of Wales in 1863. It was only the previous year that he had travelled through Egypt and the Holy Land with the Prince, and when he saw the bridegroom in the Chapel, "in his long velvet mantle, like a statue, so stately and so grand," Stanley could not help thinking to himself "Can this be the frolicsome creature. . . . Can this be the boy of last year on the Nile. . . . It was pretty to see Alexandra looking at

him, to see what he would do—kneeling as he knelt, standing as he stood. . . . I am told that the reception of the bridal pair by the Queen, on their return, was most affecting. She came down the great staircase, and went to the very door of the carriage to meet them."

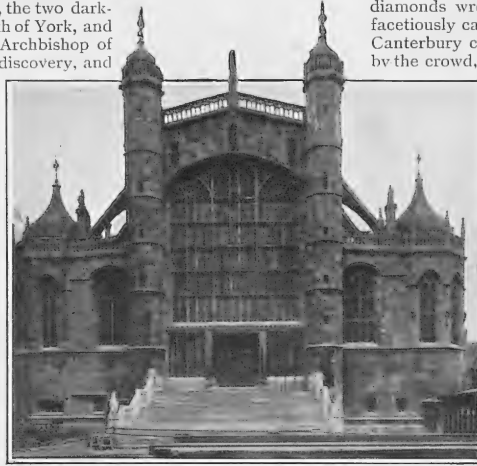
He told too of Lord Palmerston in the Chapel. "When in his Garter robes he had settled himself in his Knight's stall, he took out of his pocket a little comb, and there, in the presence of the whole congregation, combed his hoary whiskers."

. . . . When the royal pair had gone dozens rushed upon the platform of the railway station, a raging mob which carried all before it, in my scarlet robes, struggled through it and at last got inside, only to find Ministers of State in their gilded coats, and grand ladies covered with

diamonds wrestling with the rabble for places in what was facetiously called a "special train." . . . The Archbishop of Canterbury came pacing down from the Castle, was swept off by the crowd, and out of the gulf, it is said (but for the accuracy

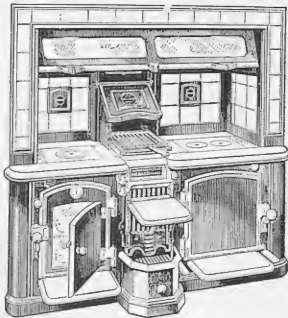
of the words I do not pretend to vouch), called out to a policeman, "I am the Archbishop of Canterbury, how can I be saved?" To which the policeman replied, "The only means by which Your Grace can be saved is to cling to the next carriage that passes." A carriage hove in sight and the Primate snatched hold of the foot board; clinging to this he found two other hapless creatures—Thackeray and Lady Cranworth. "Oh! my Lord—is it you—how glad I am to find myself in such company."

One of the happiest stories of Stanley was of an occasion when a madman found his way into the library at Westminster and announced in threatening tones, "Mr. Dean, I have a message to you from God. You are to take me to the Queen, whom I am to address on a most solemn matter." "In that case," said the Dean, "there is not a moment to lose." He ushered the visitor downstairs, through the hall, picking up his hat on the way. When they reached the door Dean Stanley opened it, passed out the visitor, and then closed it between them.



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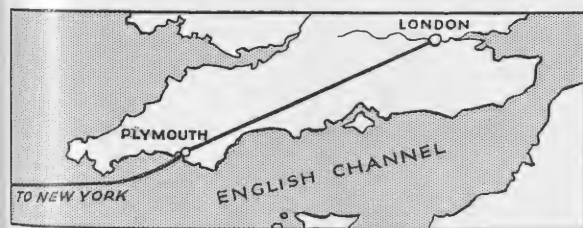
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# WINTER SPORTS

By Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON

THE imminence of the possibility of increasing one's overdraft and determining to indulge in a holiday in Switzerland is coming rapidly upon us. Winter sports means so many things to so many people. To some it mean one continuous fortnight of concentrated night-club life, rising smartly at about noon for lunch and retiring to bed about five in the morning. Occasionally a stroll amid Christmas card surroundings watching other



CAPTAIN MACKINTOSH

The Scottish Rugger International whom Colonel Moore-Brabazon considers to be the best ski-er in the British Isles

people indulge in deriving motion, forward and vertical, by virtue of gravity and the slipperiness of ice. At the other end of the scale you will find many people who will spend most of their holiday indulging in the treadmill existence of climbing vast peaks, returning about dusk, happy in themselves through their exertions and feats, but in the hotel scarcely social attractions.

Between these two extremes we find ourselves. I must have visited Switzerland more times than I like to remember, and I am perfectly convinced that one gets infinitely more enjoyment out of doing many things badly than by doing one thing well. Winter sports must not be taken too seriously. You are out to enjoy yourself, and for purest enjoyment (after having tried most things, from Cresta running to ski-jumping) I am convinced that ordinary ski-ing is far and away



Millar and Harris  
THE AUTHOR OF  
THIS ARTICLE

Known to his many friends as "Brab," Colonel Moore-Brabazon speaks with authority on Swiss winter activities, and intending competitors in these delights would do well to peruse the practical advice he proffers on this page

the most enjoyable to the ordinary Englishman. Let me give you, however, a word of warning about this. Do not ski out of your class. If you are a beginner, ski with beginners; they will laugh at your falling (and after all you won't hurt yourself), but you will have the delight between your own falls of extracting much merriment out of their contortions the while you regain your breath. You will advance to proficiency together, and so long as all of you together are more or less of the same class, from the first time you put on skis until you become expert you will get nothing but pleasure out of it.

How to be miserable on skis is to go out in a different class from your own. If you are not so good as the others

you will nearly strain your heart going up hill too fast, and you will be exhausted and wretched trying to go too fast downhill. Meanwhile you will be a bore and a nuisance to your fellow runners who are good, and who will get cold and annoyed waiting for you! I have had so many of these trips in which, at different times,

I have been either the mug or the expert that, as an old hand, I warn you against them.

Ski-ing is an art that does not require immense physical strength, consequently women can be, and are on the whole I should say, better than the average man. Their sense of balance and their power of going up the hills is to me, year after year, a source of endless wonder.

It is in Switzerland that a woman becomes a biped. Since the re-introduction of the long skirt we had almost forgotten this, but in the Alps some

(Continued on p. xxvi)



LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH

Captain Chris Mackintosh's wife also negotiates snow slopes with intrepidity. She is the Duke of Hamilton's elder daughter



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Havas



form of bifurcated garment is invariable. If not, it only means that the wearer is returning to England by the next train! The skirt, therefore, is a sad garb of mourning to most. May I, however, give one word of warning to those about to clad themselves thus for winter sports with little experience of the past. First of all, if you are going to dress like a man, for goodness sake take some trouble over the matter, as not everybody looks her best and the subject deserves certain attention. Some of the sights that have appeared upon the Alps have been directly responsible for distressing avalanches. These mountains can stand a lot, but I must say they have been sorely tried in recent years.

Also remember that as a beginner you are going to fall a good deal, and consequently clothes of a fluffy type will collect the snow in a way which will drive you crazy once you fall and the snow starts to ball. All cloths must be napless but not waterproofed. Any form of waterproofing condenses the heat from your own body on the inside of your clothes into ice.

Nothing is more uncomfortable than the first realization of this phenomenon!

At last in England there are shops that really understand the business, but a few years ago the great emporiums sold you things, pretending to give you sound advice, the while they knew nothing,



A SKI-RUN BY MOONLIGHT  
In the Roseg Valley, Pontresina

Schacher



A BOBSLEIGH-RUN  
At Engelberg

Trautmann

which really amounted to getting your money under false pretences.

Another thing I cannot help mentioning is, please do not wear white. White may look lovely in London, but against the whiteness of Swiss snow it will look dirty before you have ever worn it. May I also give you a tip—and I am speaking also to the beginner—you should buy your equipment over here. It may be a little more expensive but you can get a much better equipment sold in London than you can anywhere else, and the selection seems much greater.

Having by the aid of some expert friends selected some skis, do not think that you can not learn something before you start. After all, our holidays

are all too short, and it always seems to me so silly to waste at least some three days of it in acquiring knowledge which might have been done before you ever started out from England. Putting your skis on and off; how to walk, and the kick turn, can be learnt upon an ordinary English tennis-court, and if you can do this you will certainly have saved two days' drudgery in Switzerland which you can devote to actual trips.

Might I also say a word to the beginner who thinks he knows all about it. One of the things which will occur to you very early in your career is that you will be run away with. The moment you are run away with, sit down. Of all the accidents that lead to the hospital,

(Continued on p. xxviii)



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Hart

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## GRINDELWALD

The  
Centre  
where the  
snow never fails



*Havas.*

certainly 80 per cent. of those which occur to beginners happen because they neglect this golden rule. If you try and stand up when you are run away with, your speed will increase, and finally the crash will be a serious one, whereas the moment you are out of control, if you sit down (which, after all, will cost you no pain or danger) you have avoided that disaster which awaits the brave and foolish.

Most sports that I have indulged in demand a somewhat severe apprenticeship which is not amusing, but I exempt ski-ing from this, provided (as I have said before) that you ski in your own class.

So much for ski-ing. If you are young and a male, and normally are of the type that likes fast motoring in a sports car, then try the Cresta on a skeleton. There is no purer or more engrossing sport, demanding a somewhat long apprenticeship, however, but richly rewarding you for your study of its technique.

Among the more curious of winter sports is one that derives its origin from our northern tribes. It consists of an imitation of bowls but is played with stones from Ailsa Craig and is called curling. You don't play curling, you curl.

This pastime is indulged in by the most respectable and solid members of the British community in the various winter resorts. Competitions, trophies, etc., are competed for with great enthusiasm and in the Scotch brogue. It is almost a



AT GRINDELWALD  
Ski-ing in full swing

Loffenbach



THE BOB-RUN AT DAVOS

Cashar

ing, however, worse than it is.

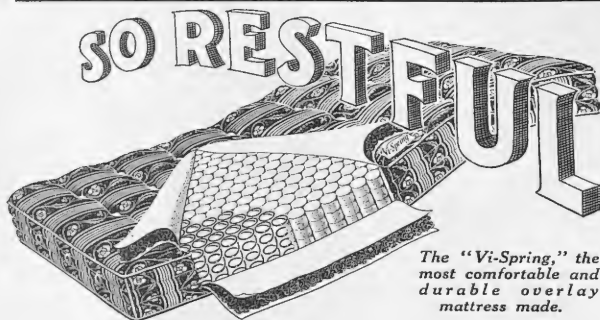
Ski-joring, that is being pulled behind a horse, I should eschew. A more depressing mode of progression I do not know. The horse never answers the controls, and in any but first speed proceeds to bombard you in the stomach with great lumps of snow.

Though with the close of the day perhaps winter sports in the accepted sense of the term cease, the activities of the place are not finished, nor do they become less exciting, but it does not come within my province to elaborate this side of life, nor indeed would it be wise.



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A view of Arosa

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Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid  
and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient; because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



# What to wear for

## WINTER SPORTS

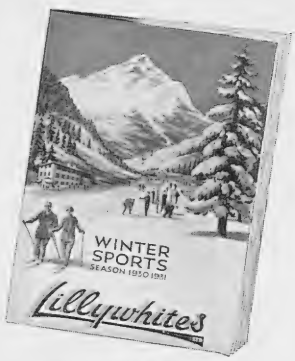
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S 204

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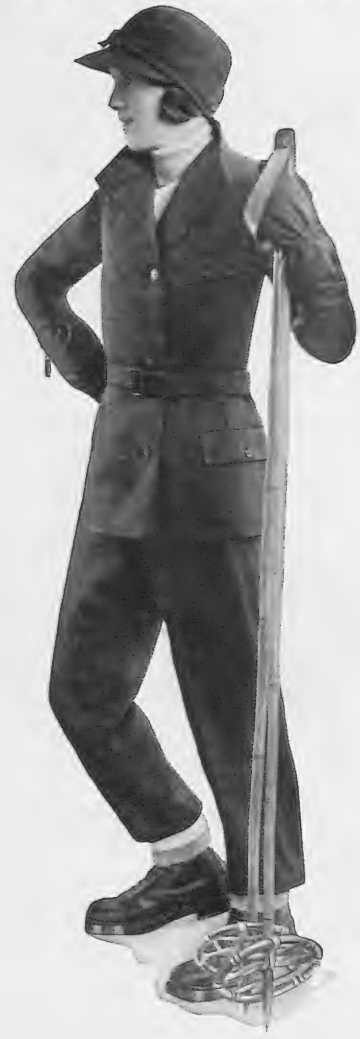
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## WINTER SPORTS IN FRANCE

Three noteworthy events, closely associated with the P.L.M. Company, have signaled the introduction of winter sports into France. The first in date was the International Ski Competition held by the French Alpine Club at Briançon and Mont Genèvre in the winter of 1906-7. One year later a similar contest was held at Chamonix, and twelve months afterwards the Touring Club of France organized the first great week of winter sports, which was likewise held at Chamonix. Meanwhile the P.L.M. Company had taken active steps to render the access to this fine centre, and to other similar resorts, as easy and comfortable as possible, and thus to place itself at the head of a movement so highly conducive to the health and vigour of the human race.

If from general considerations a desire is aroused to participate in winter sports wherever they are to be found, it is well to know that in variety of conveniences and attractions no region can vie with the eastern and south-eastern portions of the country threaded by the P.L.M. Railway.

This company has done all in its power to enable lovers of winter sports to enjoy a full measure of delight and of comfort from the outset of their holiday to its close. Chamonix, Combloux, Megève, and other places that have been transformed from simple villages to large conglomerations of hotels, are connected with Paris, the greatest French touring centre and a universal rendezvous, by fast and very luxurious day-trains and night-trains; and not with Paris only, but with Lyons, Geneva, and Italy also.

Other winter resorts, such as Mont Revard and Saint-Pierre-de-Chartreuse, are so close to great centres like Aix-les-Bains and Grenoble, and are so easily reached from them by excellent means of transport—rack-railways or winter auto-cars—that very little delay is caused by the ascent, and even that is fully compensated for by the beauty

of the scenery on the way. Other resorts, though remote from towns, offer no obstacle; some of them, such as Villard-de-Lans, being served by a mountain-railway, while others, like Monestier-de-Clermont, are points on the itinerary of the *Route d'Hiver des Alpes*. In either case the journey itself is a sufficient attraction. Still more sequestered are the high stations in the Alpes-Maritimes, being accessible by road only. It is, however, but a few hours' journey from Nice to Peira-Cava or to the Plateau de Beuil, or again from Cannes to Thorenc, and the wild scenery traversed on the way is grand and impressive and well worth the journey.

Taken in their entirety, the winter resorts in the P.L.M. region are situated on Alpine and Jura heights presenting a great variety of altitude and scenery. The principal places—Chamonix, Mont Revard, Combloux, and Saint-Pierre-de-Chartreuse—have hotels for all purposes, some very luxurious but all quite comfortable, and offer all sorts of elegant diversions. At each of the other places visitors can be sure of finding well-kept and well-warmed hostels, with good cooking and such homelike conditions as are more essential in winter than in summer.

Another striking feature of the P.L.M. winter resorts is the number, diversity, and high quality of the sports practised, and the excellence of the arrangements made for enjoying them. Taking into account the technical organization of Chamonix as shown in all its perfection at the

Winter Olympic Games of 1924; the ski-fields, spring-boards, and bobsleigh tracks of Mount Revard and Combloux; and the multiple places ranging from the unpretending sporting centres of the Jura to the vast plains of Beuil and Peira-Cava on their snowy terrace above the Riviera—we do not hesitate to say that no other region in the whole world offers the winter sportsman such a variety of sites, altitudes, hotels, inns, and technical or other conveniences. In short, there are suitable places for all purses.



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**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 274**The Tax.**

I suppose that we must regard the promise of the politicians to look into the question of a new form of car taxation as an annual joke. I am myself, and always have been, a determined opponent of the iniquitous old formula affair, but now that so many makers of moderate-priced cars have demonstrated that they are nothing like so frightened of it as they used to be, I am beginning to wonder whether, after all, I am pining for a change. By no means would I hanker after that system in support of which Sir Percival Perry, of the Ford Co., has memorialised the Government. He wants an *ad valorem* tax on the selling price, which, clearly, has no relation at all to the amount of use which a motorist gets out of the roads. That, at all events, is the virtue of the fuel tax. But, to my mind, the really serious trouble about any change at all in these hard times is that all changes are inevitably for the worse. The Treasury would never dream of reducing the amount the poor old motorist has got to pay, indeed it is self-evident that they will only adopt a new taxation scheme if, primarily, it promises a bigger revenue. Certainly the Government should encourage British car manufacturers by every means in its power to build cars for universal use, but if in so doing it is going sensibly to put up the cost of motoring at home, it will not in the end accomplish anything to speak of.

**These By-passes.**

*Quis by-passiet ipsos by-passes?* may not be even tolerable dog-Latin, but it is nevertheless a cogent question. What is happening nowadays is that, as usual with any fresh development, we have contrived to

get on the rim of a vicious circle. Because there are certain areas of intense traffic congestion we construct huge and costly arterial roads that duly avoid them. Presently all the land that has by this process been "opened up" becomes, in the estate agent's phrase, "ripe," and almost before you know where you are the by-pass is flanked on either side by factories and lines of houses. So that very soon it is seen that another by-pass will be required to by-pass the by-pass. Take, for example, the case of the Great West Road. All along it there is intense building activity, and already its pressure of traffic at certain times of the day is such that many drivers assure me that it is actually quicker in spite of the tram-lines and narrow streets to take the old route through Brentford and Hounslow. And I understand that an exactly similar thing is happening elsewhere. What the remedy is to be I would not pretend to be able to guess, but there is one point about the situation which cannot but strike one. It is that the factory, which was formerly tied more or less hand and foot to the railway, is now indifferent to the rail and goes first and foremost for the road. The logical conclusion is that more and more cargo-traffic will come on to the highway—which represents a cheap form of transport for one reason only, namely that heavy vehicles do not pay anything like as much as they ought to for the upkeep of their permanent way. Road transport is inherently more costly than rail transport, which is no doubt the reason why this country, never so hard up as now, is allowing the finest railway system in the world to be ruined by unfair competition. That which comes from motor-coaches is not so difficult to control, a strict enforcement of a moderate speed-limit would put most of them out of business; and in any case the railways can acquire controlling interests or run their own coaches. But the lorry is another proposition.



DOGS ONLY

Mr. C. Alington reserves a special compartment for his retriever, Odds On, when they travel together to the various gun-dog tests. This picture was taken on arrival at Ford Castle, Berwick-on-Tweed, where the Kennel Club's Retriever Trials were recently held by permission of Lord Joicey



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... Artists in buying, women in-  
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ordinary petrol*



PRATTS MOTOR OIL "STOPS THE BEARINGS WEARING"

## CAR CAMEOS

### The 17-h.p. Vauxhall

There are few things in life so pleasant as a surprise. And certainly I got one the other day when I was invited by Mr. Palmer Philips to journey up to Hendon in order to see (along with a few others of the press-gang) what that rather important concern of General Motors Corporation had squeezed out of the Vauxhall factory at Luton.

There, in one of those huge buildings that are associated with mid-War aircraft activity, I beheld a selection of the new Vauxhall Cadets. It is a remote coincidence, and also a pity, that two British constructors (Swift is the other) should have hit upon the same sobriquet at the same time. But, after all, I don't know that much harm will be done. The word stands in either case for the sort of effort that is inspired by youth.

But let me return to my surprise-packet. There, in the middle of a large hall, with no oofty-floofties to make it look what it was not, or to conceal what it was, stood a well-conceived, well-built, well-caparisoned motor-car. I thought it was a new edition of the 20-60 h.p. of blessed memory. Mr. Palmer Philips admitted that there was a family relationship in the matter of design—only; this new thing cost £280.

And that was the surprise. For it did not seem that such a thing could be possible. From stem to stern it is Vauxhall all over—I have owned two Vauxhalls, and I do not use the appellative in vain. A thorough-going, conscientious job alike in the chassis as in the Luton body-work. With the exception of a few small fittings, absolutely British throughout.

Just keep that price figure in your head when I tell you

that the Vauxhall Cadet, with four well-fed and sizable males aboard, topped Brockley Hill at well over 30 m.p.h. Had she done it on top I would have thought less of her. The fact that she accomplished the climb on little more than half-throttle, and with no noise nor fuss, impressed me very favourably.

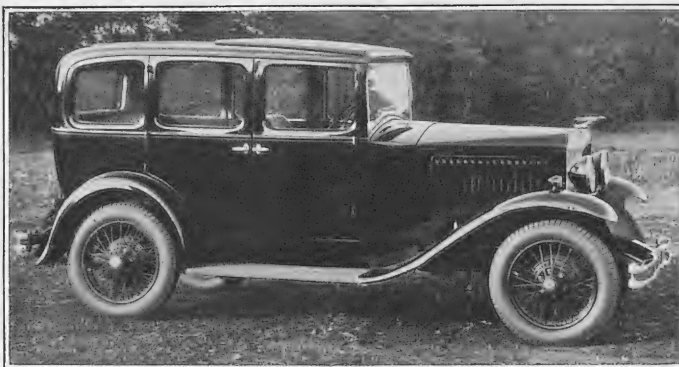
When I took the wheel myself and put this new car over stretches of road upon which I have worn out many a tyre, and when I let her loose upon a well-chosen top-gear ratio, I may have frightened my passengers but I got nothing but delight for myself. The steering, by means of a Bishop cam-gear, is just about as light as that of a push-bike. The brakes—these are similar to those used upon the majestic Cadillac—are above reproach, nay, they are worthy of more than ordinary praise.

And make no mistake, this Cadet is a goer. I saw a reference in a pamphlet to 70 m.p.h. It may be so. For myself I would not doubt it, for 60 comes easily enough. And why not? There are plenty of horses under the bonnet—nice, quiet, well-trained horses to wit—and the weight that they have to pull has been scientifically reduced. This is a light car. But guard against the implication that

it is a small car. I tried three of the seats, two in front and one behind, and it offered all the accommodation that I could wish, big as I am.

I understand that for overseas purposes this Cadet is to have a 26-h.p. rating engine. Well I have tried the 17-h.p. model, which satisfied me exceedingly. What the extra 9 h.p. will do I can only conjecture. But this I will say with conviction, that the Vauxhall Cadet is going to make a host of friends both at home and abroad.

It looks a Vauxhall and it is a Vauxhall. I say this as the once owner of a "30-98." Let that suffice.



THE VAUXHALL CADET SALOON

**Supreme in Air Test**

The original gauge with flat reading surface, and improved flat head, this British-made tyre tester is acclaimed as a distinct advance in design and utility on any other make. It is the most scientific instrument yet devised for the accurate recording of air pressure in pneumatic tyres. **BUY THE BEST—BUY BRITISH.**

Supplied in neat leather wallet.

Obtainable at all Garages and Service Stations, or direct from the Manufacturers:

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**THE LAST WORD IN TYRE TESTERS**

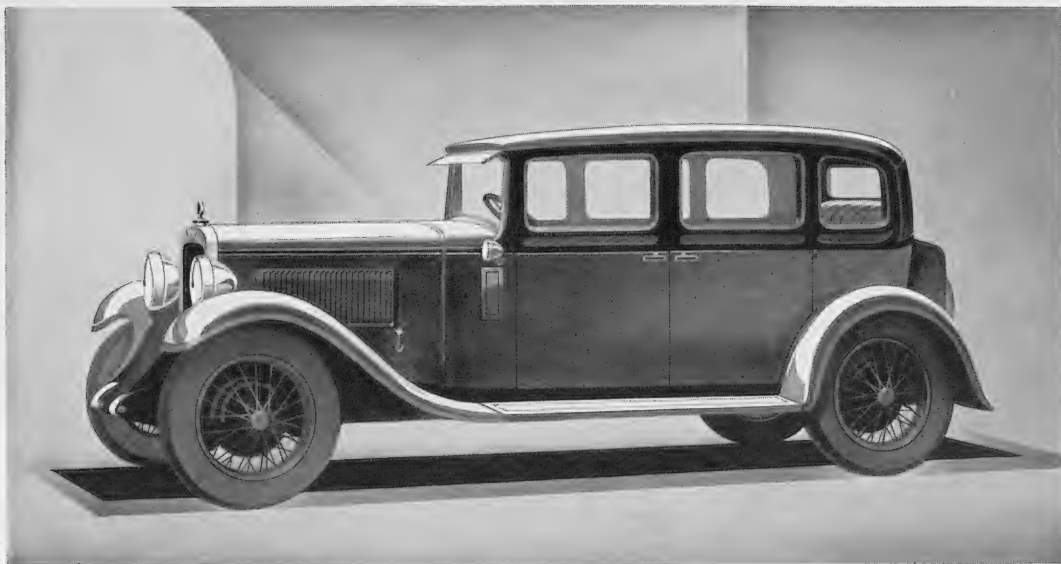
THE **KISMET '31**

**K.L.G. PLUGS**

**FIT & FORGET**



A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N



THE NEW 'TWENTY' MAYFAIR SALOON

## Money cannot buy you more . . .

Money cannot buy a more completely equipped, more thoroughly dependable car than the Austin 'Twenty'.

In the most recent addition to the line—the new five-passenger 'Mayfair' Saloon on the short wheel-base—is found every advancement that coachcraft can devise, or driver and passengers require.

Seating is so luxurious that the longest run has no fatigue. Then, for yet greater ease, are folding footrests, a hinged central arm-rest and side arm-rests, too; folding occasional tables, companion sets, a roof net . . . in short, every comfort the owner driver would demand in a car built to his own ideal.

The appearance is equally impressive,

equally beautiful. The broad panelled waistline moulding and window reveals if desired, may be picked out in light tones. The slightly sloping windshield, the long bonnet, the graceful low roof line, the rear quarter panelling curving down to the commodious built-in trunk—all give the car the stamp of inherent quality comparable to cars costing a great deal more.

Consider the price! Remember the basic correctness of Austin design, its long lasting worth, its outstanding dependability.

Then ask yourself—where at this price can a car of this quality be bought?

PRICES AT WORKS  
The New 'Twenty'  
Mayfair Saloon  
(6-window) **£530**

The New 'Twenty'  
Whitehall Saloon  
(4-window) **£530**

*Upholstery in Vamol luxur grain hide or fine carriage cloth. 'Biflex' magnetically operated dip and switch headlights, and fullest equipment including Triplex glass, chromium plating, wire wheels and spare, Dunlop tyres.*

# AUSTIN



The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

## Motor Notes and News

With the approach of cold weather, ease of starting first thing in the morning is a matter which interests all motorists. Batteries are more in use for lights, and there is thus less current available for starting

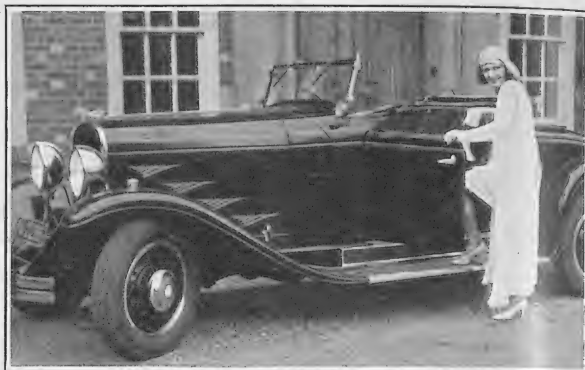


THE VILLAGE STREET OF MINSTER LOVELL

One of the many charming villages in the Valley of the Windrush, Oxfordshire. The car seen in the picture is a Singer "10"

purposes; at the same time the engine is very much harder to turn over. Anything, therefore, which contributes to easy starting will be welcomed. In this connection the reintroduction of Winter Shell petrol must be mentioned. This spirit was first placed on the market just twelve months ago; in May this year it was replaced by Summer Shell, and now the change-over to the winter grade has occurred at all filling-stations. In Winter Shell the volatile elements have been adjusted so that the spark will more readily ignite the charge of petrol vapour and cold air in cold cylinders on a cold morning. This added quick-starting quality, so important in starting an engine from cold, has been achieved without impairing the other qualities for which this fuel is well known.

Certain recent events have shown the world that British engineering skill is maintaining its reputation despite the hard times through which we are passing. First of all there is the remarkable flight from England to Australia in under ten days of Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith on a steel Avro-Avian light aeroplane designed and built by A. V. Roe and Co., Ltd., in Manchester. A day or two before a Japanese pilot had flown an Armstrong-Siddeley engined light aircraft from Berlin to Tokio in under ten days, while during the week-end a Fokker single-seater fighter, again fitted with an Armstrong-Siddeley engine, beat all comers in a military competition organized by the Rumanian Government at Bucharest. On the ground delegates of the Imperial Conference attended a demonstration of mechanized transport, the outstanding feature of which proved to be the remarkable performance of a 16-ton tank fitted with a self-changing gear-box and 180-h.p. air-cooled engine of Armstrong-Siddeley design and manufacture. This gear-box was built on the same principle as the famous self-changing gear which has created so much interest at the Olympia Motor Show, and is generally accepted as being the most important invention in motor-car design of the last decade.



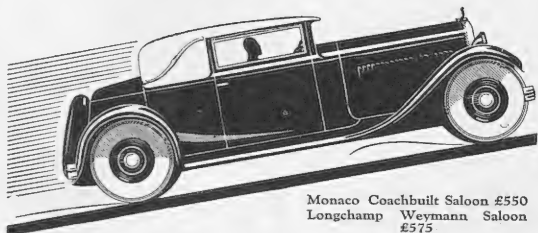
MISS CHILI BOUCHIER

The well-known film star with the Chrysler car, which was utilized in the film shortly to be released entitled, "Kissing Cup's Race"

## FRANCE'S BEST



A model car built in a model factory—the 6-cyl. Hotchkiss. Swift, powerful, of graceful line and low-sprung suspension, it has become the criterion of elegance and efficiency in France, the nation of engineers.



Monaco Coachbuilt Saloon £550  
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Make it your home whisky

The "Antiquary"  
FINE OLD  
SCOTCH LIQUEUR WHISKY  
Cream of Scotland

If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write for name of nearest agent to:

J. & W. HARDIE, Edinburgh.

**GET ALL THREE  
IN THE NEW**

**BP**

ASHLEY

## **PETROL FOR EASY STARTING**

The New B P has 'lighter fractions' vital for easy starting. A rush of easily-fired vapour on the iciest day! Less waste by futile attempts to start means more miles per gallon.

## **PETROL FOR ACCELERATION**

The New B P has 'high overall volatility' to shoot you forward when the policeman drops his hand. Letting you change up seconds earlier! Better top-gear performance means more miles per gallon.

## **PETROL FOR POWER AT SPEED**

The New B P has 'heavier hydro-carbons' for mighty power. Full-bodied substances that get the last ounce out of your engine! More power in every drop means more miles per gallon.



## From the Shires and Provinces

### From the Belvoir

The cubbing season, now rapidly drawing to a close, has been one of the most successful on record. The country is, with few exceptions, well foxed, and both packs have killed practically every day they have been out. Mr. Tonge is to be congratulated on the excellent young entry, the best for many years. Hounds have been let go latterly, and some very good gallops have taken place already.

As far as one can see everything promises well for a bumper season, if only that accursed scourge, foot-and-mouth disease, will pass us by.

Colonel Gordon Colman, our new Joint, is proving a tower of strength, ably backed up by Mrs. Colman, who has hunted with the Belvoir all her life.

Some familiar faces are missing from the covert side. It was a shock to the country to learn of the sudden death of Mr. Phillips of Old Dalby, one of the best friends the Belvoir ever had. Only a few weeks before his death he had given yet another proof of his practical interest in the affairs of the hunt by purchasing Sherbrooke's Covert and the land round it, so that this famous stronghold should always be available for the Duke of Rutland's hounds.

Lord and Lady Conyers are still absent on a shooting trip



ALL THE RUNNERS

A meet of the North Notts Beagles at East Markham Hall, near Retford, was the cause of this group. The Master, Mr. C. L. Butcher, is seen in the centre. On his right is Miss Barlow-Massocks, who whips-in to him. Also included are the Misses Butcher, Mrs. Bruce Whittington, Mr. and Mrs. Ellerby, Mr. H. J. Plant, Mr. W. Johnson, Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Wright, Mr. Coward, and Mr. P. Fair

Howard Barrett

### From the Fernie

Here we are again at the commencement of another season when it seems but yesterday since we locked the stable door and turned the hunter out to grass. From observation at the covert side these recent mornings, horse and rider have summered well and both appear as cheery as ever notwithstanding the troubles of the present day. Our energetic Joint, Mr. "Charlie" Edmonstone, has seldom, if ever, missed a morning cub hunting, and has been seen up to the neck à pied in the thick

est coverts endeavouring to kill the varmint. Now we have Colonel Sir Harold Wernher back to office again, after his late spell of elk shooting in Sweden, our joint-mastership should proceed merrily, and with plenty of foxes in the country prospects seem good. Peaker has undoubtedly a fine pack who already know how to kill foxes. There have been several changes in domicile. The Edmonstones have bought Highfield House at Husbands Bosworth, and the Tommy McDougals have taken Hillside, Market Harborough. Lord Ebury and the Hon. Betty Grosvenor will hunt again from the Harboro side, also Major Gerald Deane who has taken a hunting-box at Great Bowden. The

(Continued on p. 21)

## WINTER in EGYPT at CAIRO



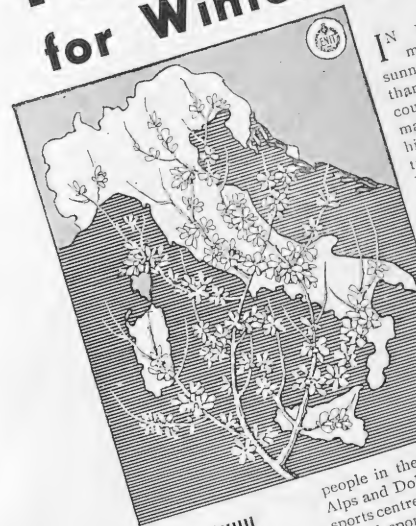
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Telegrams: Palace Heliopolis, Egypt

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IN Italy there are more warm and sunny winter resorts than in any other country in Europe and many of them have the highest winter temperature to be found in Europe.

NAPLES RIVIERA, LIGURIAN RIVIERA, SICILY, LAKE GARDA RIVIERA, MERANO (Dolomites), provide a wide choice of large and small resorts. The Italian Colony of Tripoli (N. Africa) is attracting more people in the winter. In the Italian Alps and Dolomites are many winter sports centres with first-class facilities for all sports.

**INEXPENSIVE HOTELS**  
No Government Taxes—No Restrictions.

Ask one of the chief firms of Tourist Agents for some suggestions.

**UNWANTED HAIR**

**GONE for EVER**



MISS MARGARET NEESON, the beautiful actress playing in "SONS O' GUNS," at the London Hippodrome, writes:—

"I was delighted to find that, not only is the **HAMOMAR METHOD** absolutely painless and harmless to my skin but that there is not the slightest indication of the return of hair. Again thanking you for all you have done"

**Written guarantee of permanence.**

A written guarantee is given to every client that unwanted hair will be removed painlessly, safely and permanently or money will be refunded in full and without question. So safe and sure is the **HAMOMAR METHOD** that among thousands of cases we have never had a single failure. Why not call at the studios for a free consultation? You will not be pressed to take the treatment, but the **HAMOMAR METHOD** will be fully demonstrated to you. You will learn that not only is the unwanted hair removed but the skin improved, facial blemishes and spots disappear and the complexion is rejuvenated. Every case is treated in strict privacy, and if you wish, under the observation of your own Doctor. A copy of the popular book "The **HAMOMAR METHOD**," which has brought happiness to so many, will be sent under sealed cover, on application. It explains how you can be free from unwanted hair—FOR EVER. It describes the **HAMOMAR METHOD** in detail. There is no cost and no obligation.

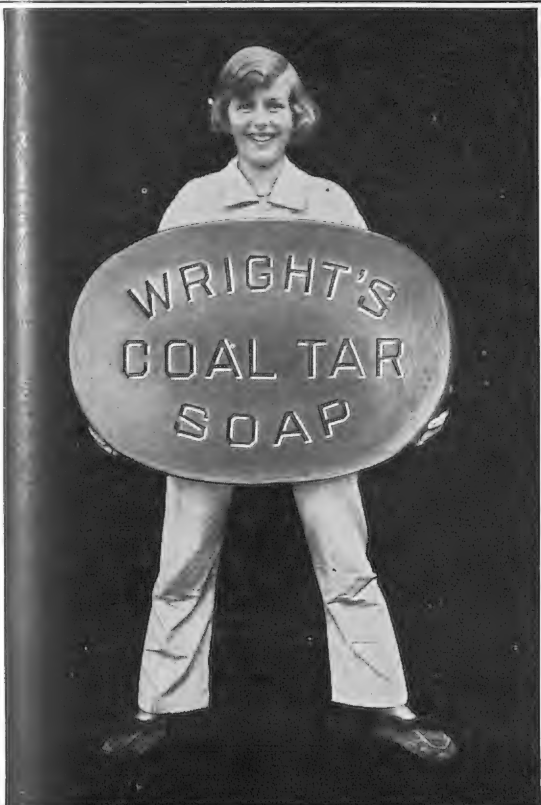


**HAMOMAR METHOD**

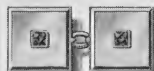
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£4 0 0 per pair.



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(at the Corner of Glasshouse Street)

de Traffords, who have let Hothorpe Hall, now reside at Sibbertoft. The Marshall Fields are expected back in December on their return from their sporting honeymoon trip. Nowadays stables have become fashionable to dwell in, and one or two of our keenest have taken up their abode in these sanctums not far removed from their stud.

#### From Warwickshire

That early-morning rising, bringing in its train a worthy feeling of something accomplished, is over and everything set for yet another season, prospects of which augur for the very best. Hounds well blooded—30½ brace accounted for in thirty-two days, plenty of foxes, and the Flying Master—"A man he is to all the country dear," carrying on in sole charge with the one and only Buck (not yet a Monagasque) as Master of the Horse—of what need for better cure to pessimism and the Snowden Bogey.

May the flight of J. and P. be only temporary—"Idlicote calls." To our Woodley Boys gone Suezway we wish the very best, and extend a welcome to the G.R. come to challenge our thrusters. How gloriously John and his troupe showed us the way over the blind country from Ladbroke, and here's success to the ex-M.F.H. in his effort to help the young idea to enjoy the best of fun with horse and hound—but, oh where did he get those yellow breeks? Congratulations to Rees and Bobby on the show of foxes at Galley Oak, also to the lady on being none the worse for her dual fall near Bim's Bottom.

In reply to correspondents' inquiries—

COCKTAIL.—Judge not by appearances. No; the Hunt Club is not a dance club.

LADIES.—Victor is hunting in Melton Pink.

#### From Lincolnshire

The ball will be fairly set rolling this week, and there is every promise of a great season. Cubbing has gone with a swing from the start; indeed there has not been a season like it for years, and everything is well tuned up. True, the ditches are still very "blind" but the going is absolutely perfect. There are no changes of importance. The Southwold are now being carried on by a committee. Major Jessop will carry the horn two days a week and a professional huntsman (Bert Turner from the Brookesby) will do the rest. Foxes are plentiful in most countries, although bald patches have been noticed here and there. Woodhall Spa is a wonderful fox nursery, thanks to the nurturing care of the local squire! Perhaps the health-giving properties of the pine-woods have something to do with their multiplicity!

Lord Barnby is abroad, and will not be able to take part in the early weeks of the Blankney hunting, but Lord Londesborough, who is very keen at the game, will deputize for the Master until he has time to break from his business responsibilities. The cubbing campaign has brought out a host of budding Dianas, and at the present rate of progress the fairer sex will soon predominate in the field.

#### From the Heythrop

By the time this letter appears in print another opening meet at the village from which we take our name will have passed, like the first milestone along the road that leads us to another winter and the best sport on earth. Opening meets, especially in such a year as this, are like the curate's egg, good in parts; it is certainly good to see our old friends again, two-legged and four-legged, and to greet our new ones, but it is bad to think of riding over a blind country such as it is now, so for the present brave hearts must go to the walls.

The cub-hunting season has been an excellent one, and foxes are reported in plenty everywhere. We hope that the half-crown cap of the last few weeks will still further augment the coffers of this worthy institution, but why not go further and make it a horse-power tax, i.e. men with two horses out should pay five bob!

#### From the York and Ainsty

Our Dual Monarchy, if we may so term it, has started on its second season. Newcomers are doubtless puzzled by the titles "North" and "South"; we really don't know what brilliant brain chose them, but they are very misleading as, for instance, the South country extends up to Sessay, which is further north than any of the "North" meets. As Shelley so well puts it:

To Mountgarret, at Nidd, the glad tidings went forth,  
Though you hunt in the west, let your name be "The North";  
Whilst David at York doesn't mind in the least

That his hounds are "The South" though he hunts in the east.

Both packs have had a fairly successful cubbing season, and prospects seem good, although Goodall's accident is very bad luck for the North. In the South, on the other hand, Littleworth seems to have quite recovered from his serious illness of last season; it is fortunate that both Masters can take the horn in these emergencies.

The closing of Poppleton railway bridge to fox-hunters is a bit of a blow to some people, and points to more motor horse-huts being needed. As regards our followers, the Inniskillings have gone (and the 4th Hussars not yet come), whilst Grizzie has departed to try her luck in Warwickshire. I can't think of any other changes at the moment.

"The Magic of Islam"

"TRANSAT"  
The Open Sesame  
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**ALGERIA, TUNISIA,  
MOROCCO, THE SAHARA**

To have visited North Africa without having seen the great oases of the Southern Sahara, is to have not seen the country at all.

Intense sunshine—Cloudless skies. Oceans of golden sand. Flower-decked oases. "Arabian Nights" cities of Central Sahara, Imperial cities of Morocco, Palaces and Fountains, Mosques and Minarets, an unfolding panorama of bewildering sights—more Eastern than the East.

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Whether you wish to arrange an independent private tour, or a grand lune tour of your own devising, to use your own car, to take seats in the fixed itinerary coaches, to make a combined Rail and Car Tour, to make a desert crossing—the "Transat" has irreproachable arrangements—and its famous 44 "Transatlantique" hotels that have made all this possible.

Write for booklet "The Magic of Islam."

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**OPERA**—Under the management of Raoul Gunsbourg, and under the patronage of H.S.H. Prince Louis of Monaco, from January to April.



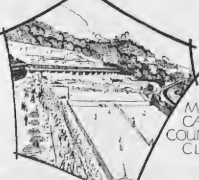
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**BALLS . GALAS . FLORAL FETES**

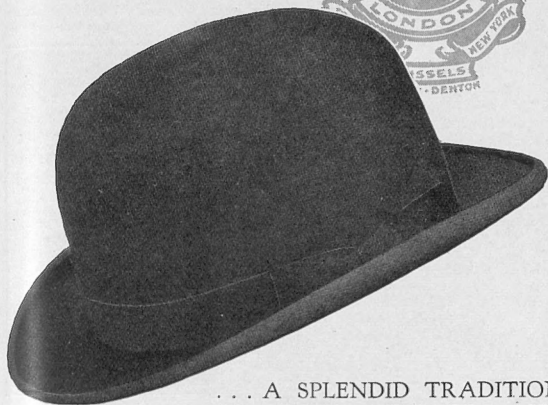
For all information and hotel charges, apply to the Société des Bains de Mer, Monte Carlo.

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STERLING WORTH BEHIND  
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You cannot have a better overcoat  
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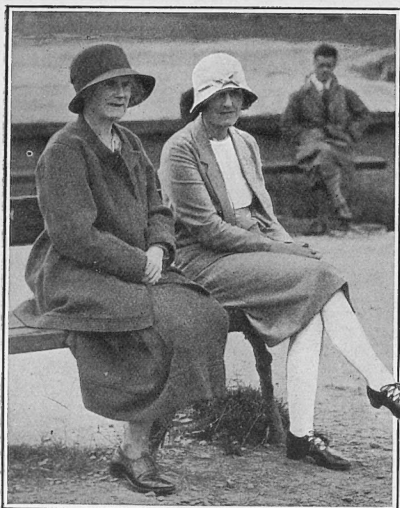


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ON TEE SIDE

Baltman

Lady Rachel Byng, Lord Strafford's half-sister, with Lady Cavan (right), watching the start of golf contests at North Berwick. As Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, Lady Cavan's husband contributed to the pageantry of last week's Opening of Parliament

afford, and we plead for £10 to augment her income.

The Metropolitan Police "L" Division Athletic Club is holding a boxing charity tournament (under A.B.A. rules and permit) in aid of the funds of St. Thomas' Hospital at the Lambeth Baths on November 6, commencing 7.30. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales will be present. Tickets, which are 2 guineas, 1 guinea, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. 9d., and 3s. 6d., can be obtained on personal or written application at any police station in "L" Division. An

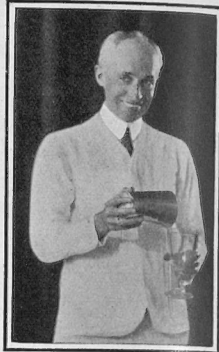
## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

**F**riends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, plead for 2s. weekly to help an exceptionally nice old lady during the winter months. She lives alone in one room in North London, and in spite of her age and delicate health she does her own work and shopping. Her husband was a gardener who managed to put by a nice little sum during his working years, but he became very ill months before his death and nearly all their savings went in doctors' and chemists' bills. His widow has the Old Age Pension and 3s. weekly (left by her husband), but times are difficult, and she can barely manage to make both ends meet. Now that the winter is at hand she needs coal and little comforts which she cannot possibly afford. Please send gifts!

officer will call with tickets if you write or phone the secretary, P.C. J. Neill, Nine Elms Police Station, Battersea, S.W.8. Tickets may also be obtained from the Appeal Secretary, St. Thomas' Hospital, S.E.1.

**A** pageant of living jewels in which sixty of Britain's loveliest women will represent diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds, coral, turquoise, etc., will be a feature of a magnificent charity ball at the Park Lane Hotel on November 26. Lady Louis Mountbatten is president of the ball and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley chairman. The object of the ball is to demonstrate that since practically every precious and semi-precious gem is found within the British Empire, Hatton Garden is the natural jewel-market for the world, and that British women are best catered for by British dress-designers. Among the prominent Society women who will represent jewels in a mid-night pageant are Lady Diana Cooper, Lady Sibell Lygon, Princess Imeritinsky, Lady Keeble, Lady Crofton, Lady Dashwood, Lady Lever, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Mond, Lady Pearson (Gladys Cooper), Marchesa Malacrida, the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan, the Hon. Diana Fellowes, Mrs. Carl Bentinck, Mrs. Harold Taylor, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Robin D'Eranger, Mrs. Rosita Forbes, Miss Gertrude Lawrence, Miss Tanis Guinness, Miss Betty Hulton, Miss Joan Buckmaster, and Miss Marjorie Leigh.

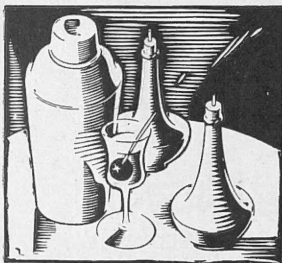
**T**he Swiss Federal Railways have now issued their Winter Sports programme for the season 1930-31 at St. Moritz. Those intending to winter abroad should obtain this valuable booklet without delay, for the fullest instructions are given regarding travel, luggage, etc. All the hotels in St. Moritz are dealt with, and particulars as to number of beds, minimum and maximum charges, with and without private bath, are given, and also particulars of convalescent homes, educational establishments, sports facilities, museums, churches, etc. In addition to this, complete details regarding all the Winter Sports events arranged from the beginning of December to the end of February. Readers of THE TATLER can obtain a copy of this booklet free from the Swiss Federal Railways, London, The Tourist Agencies, or direct from The Kurverin, St. Moritz.



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